



America's Funniest Family!



No 44
NOV.

The KILROYS

10¢



WODDA JERK! IF SOMEBODY WAS HUNTIN' ME, I WOULDN'T THINK IT WAS SO FUNNY!

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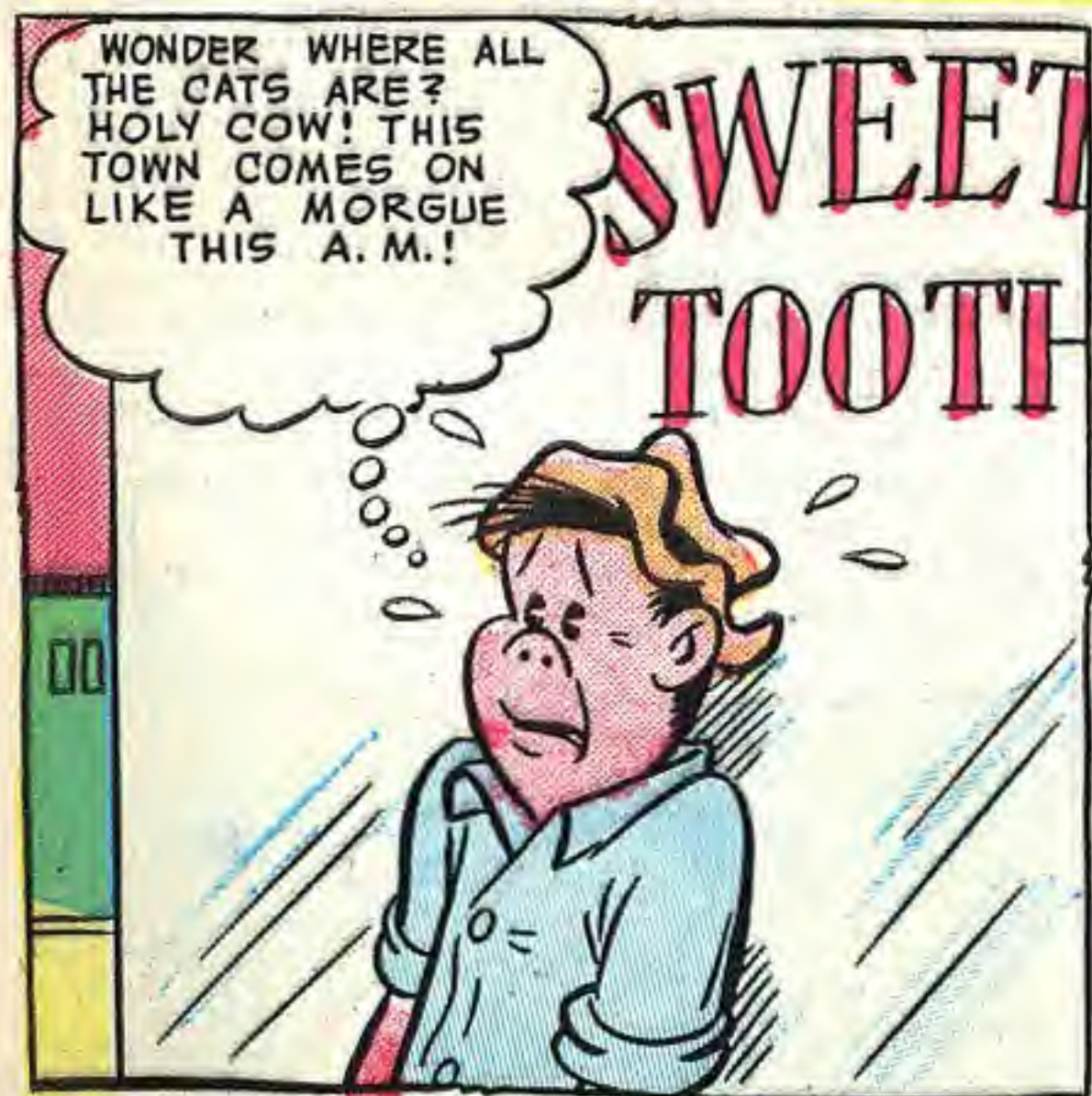
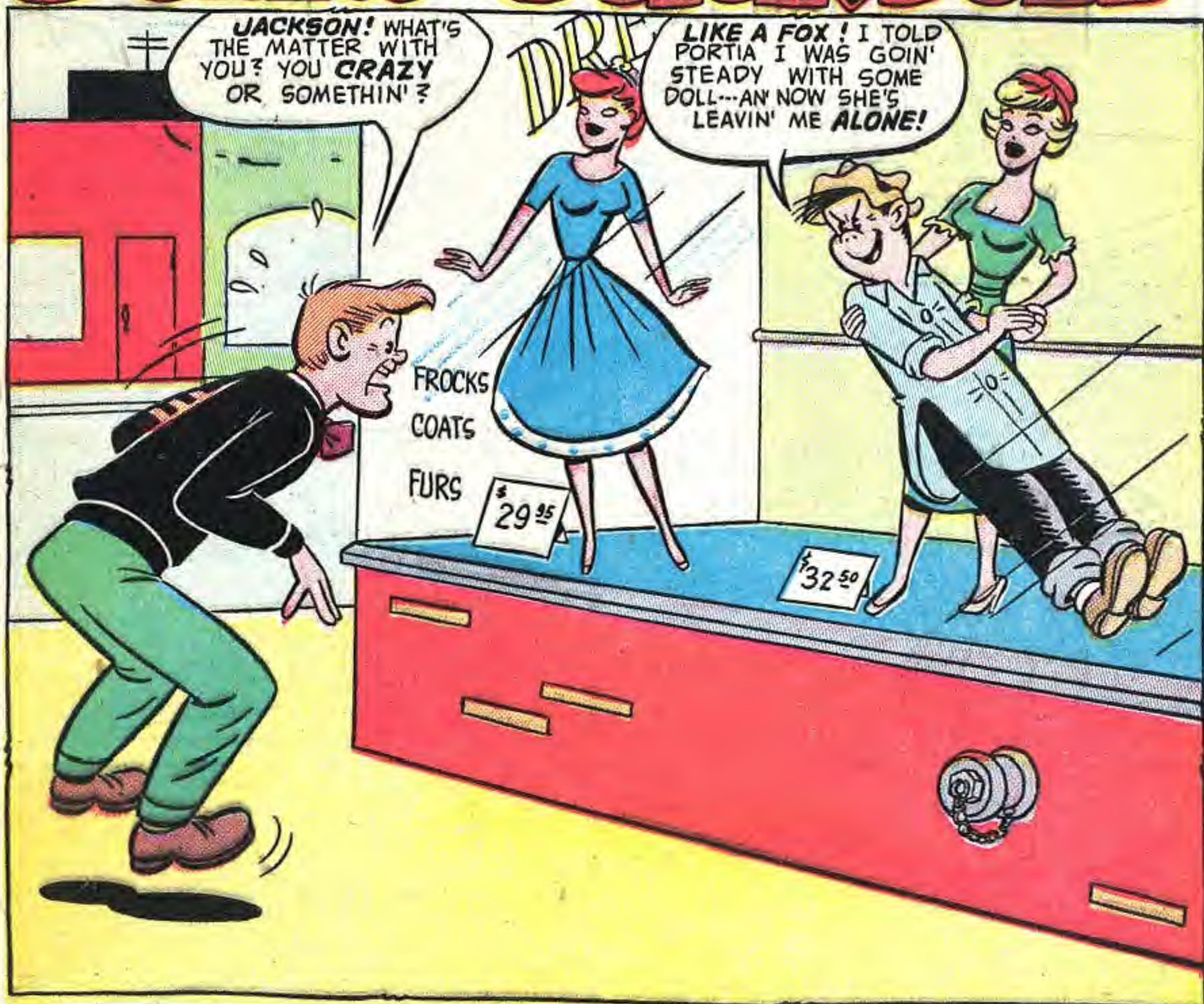
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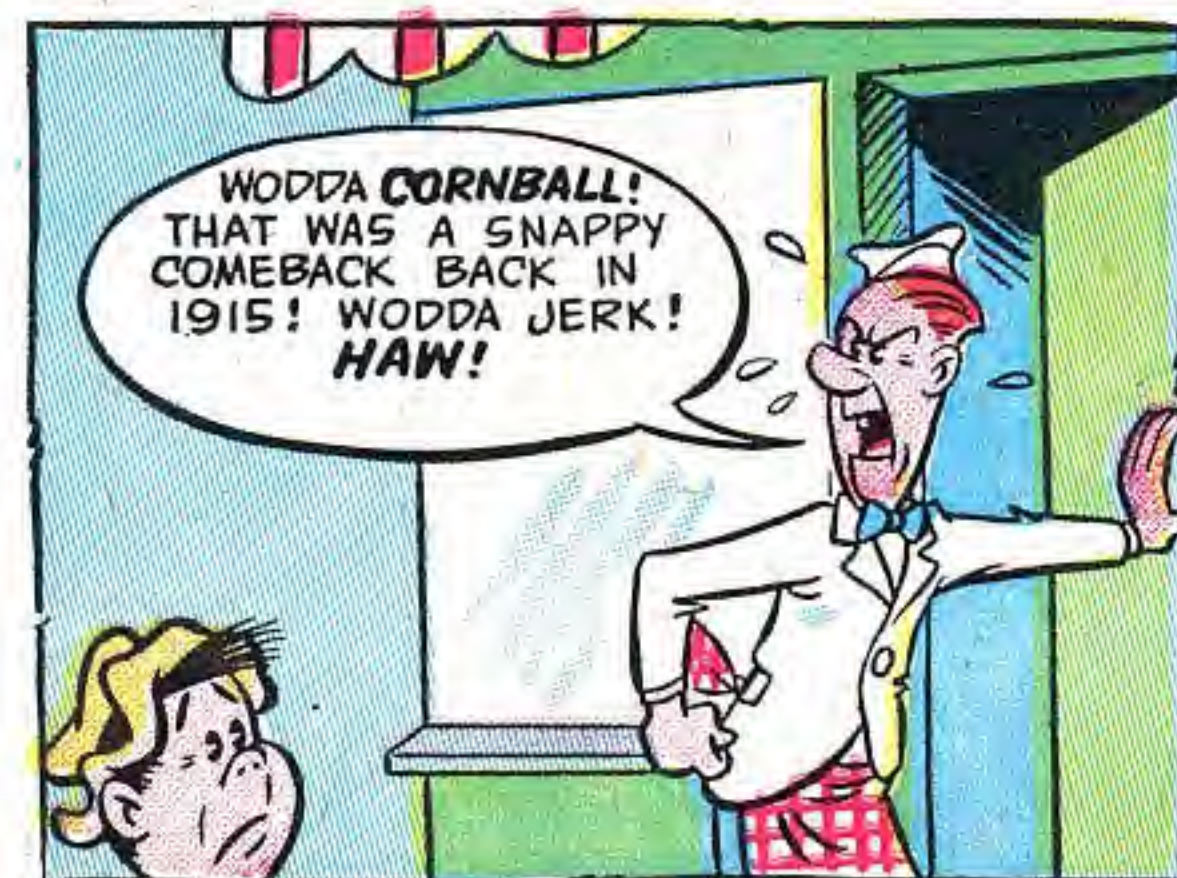
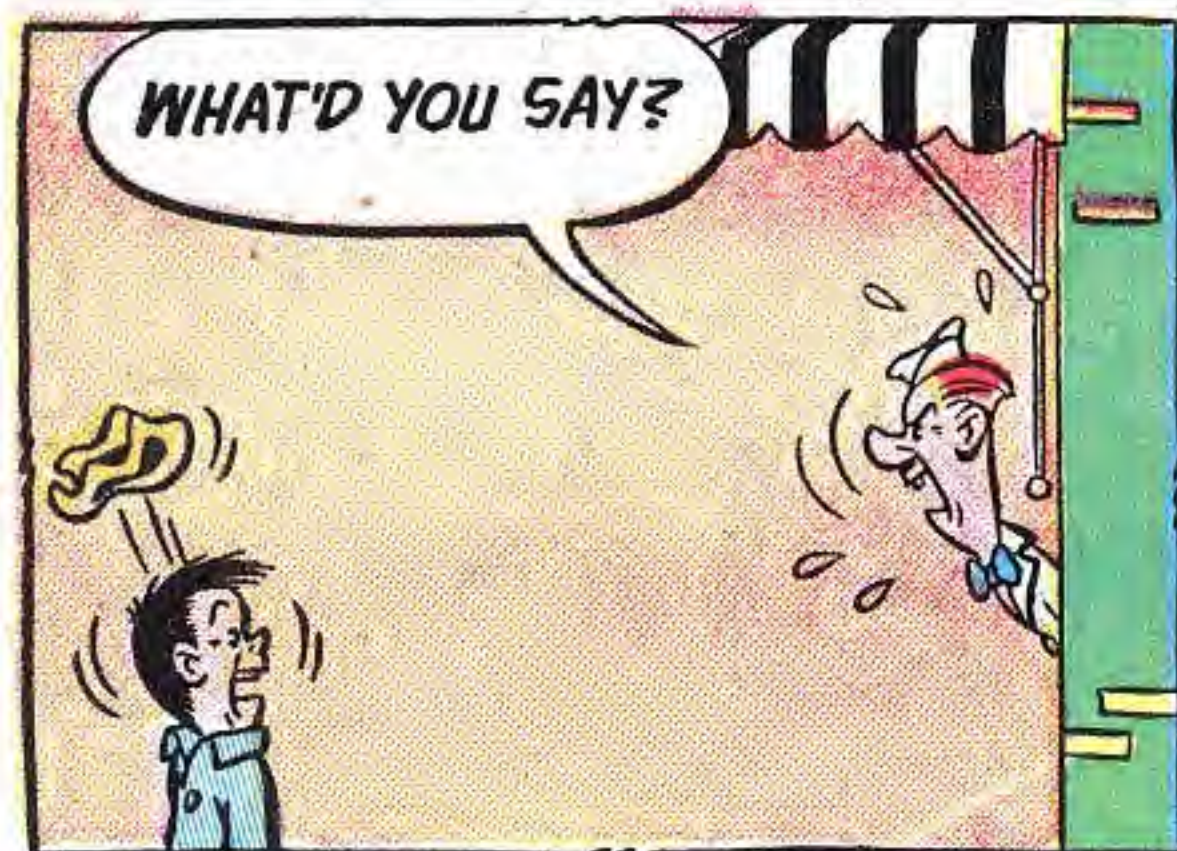
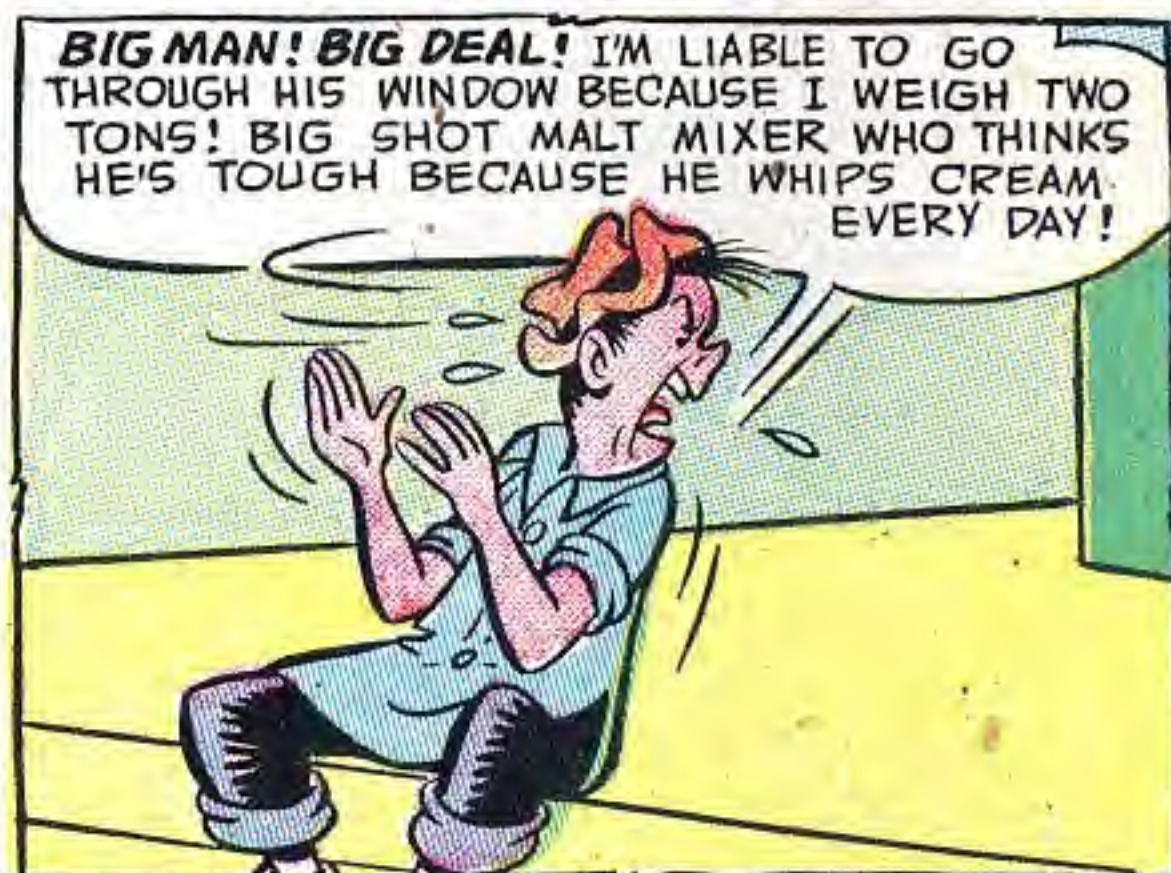
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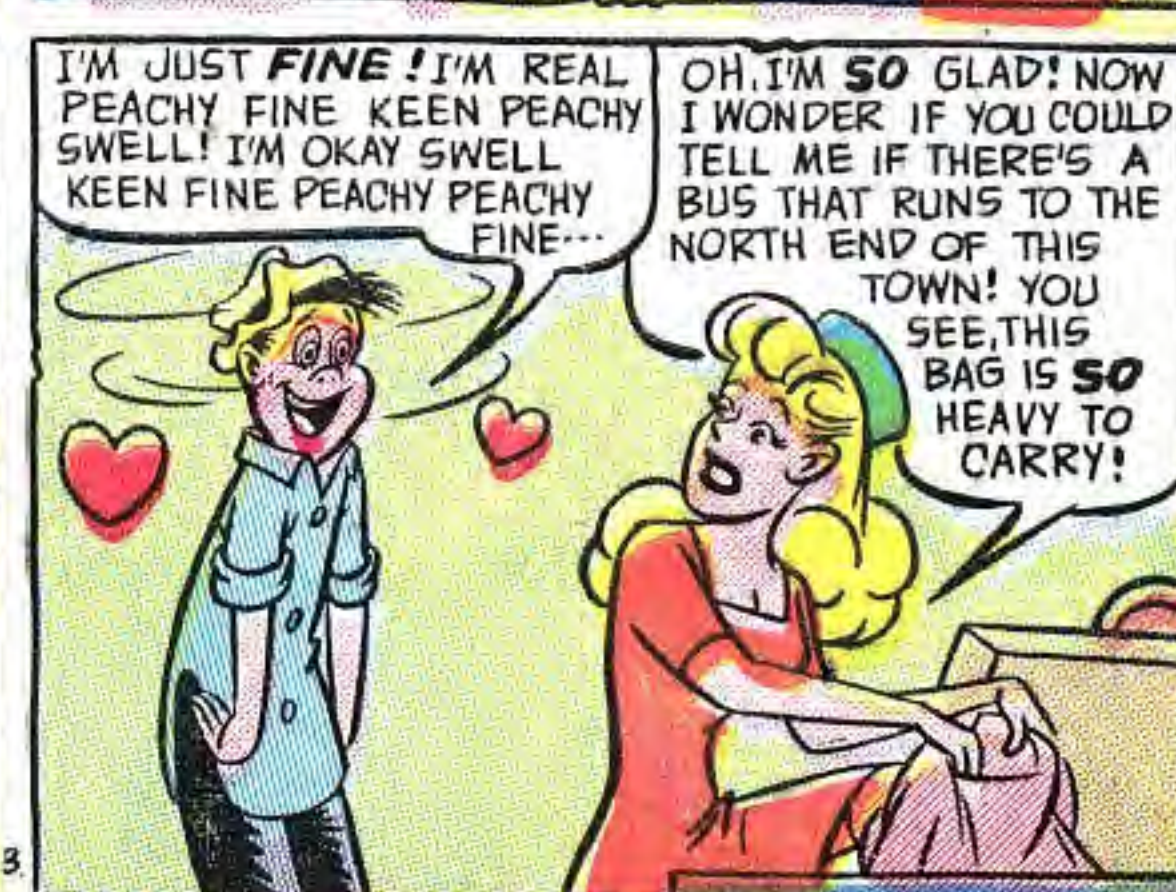
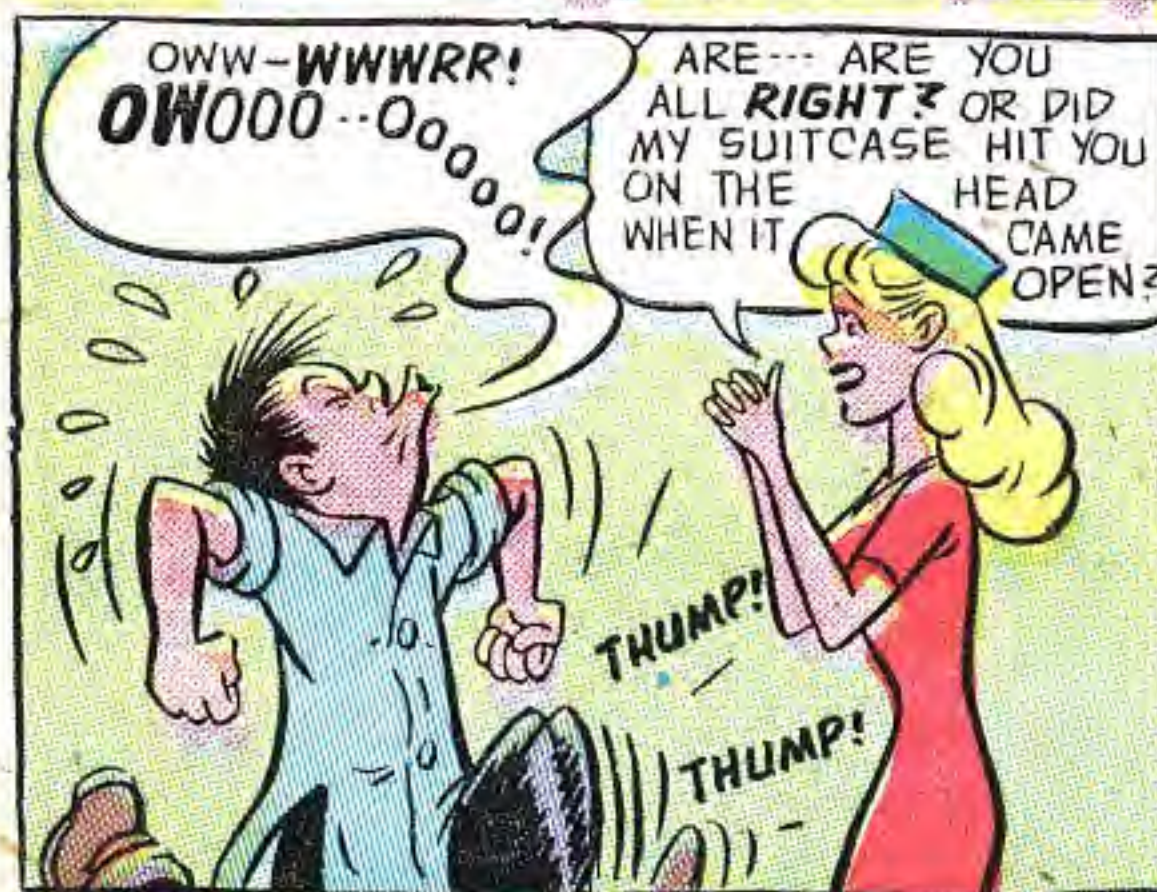
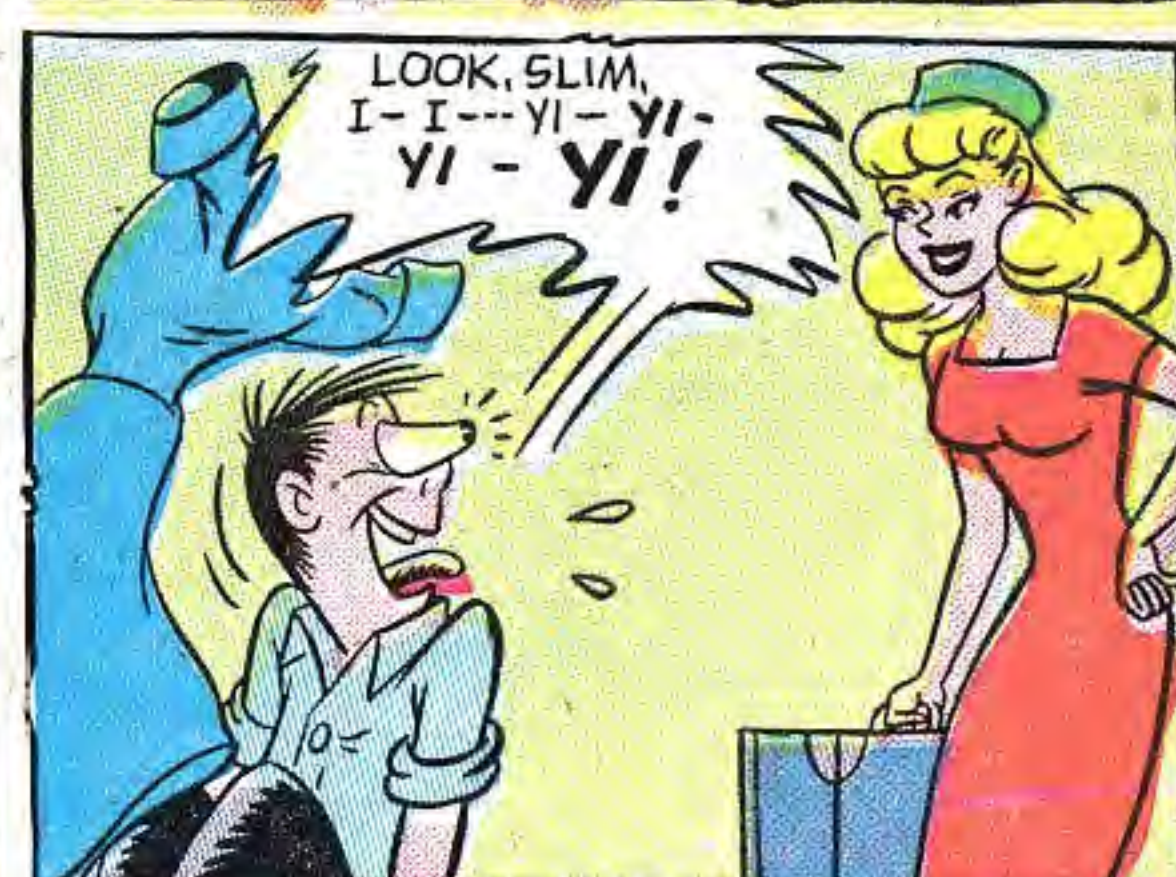
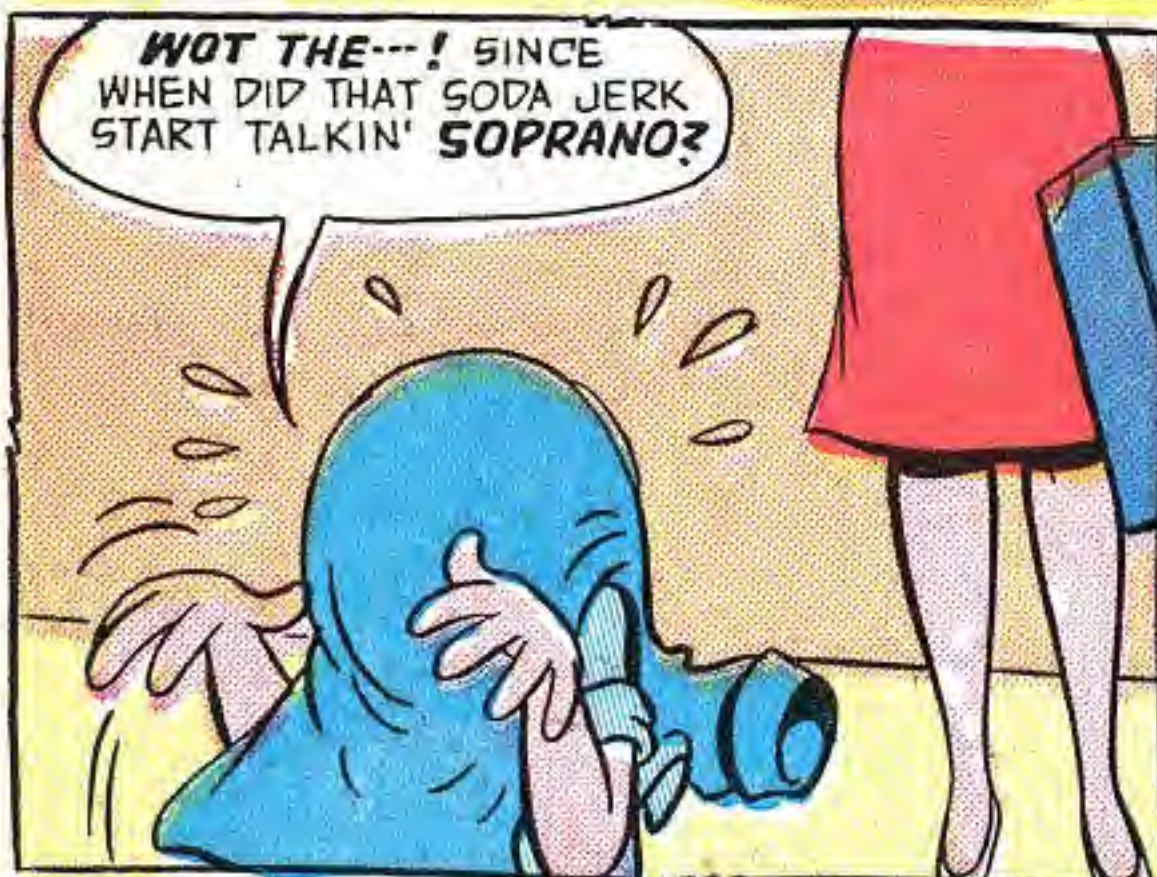
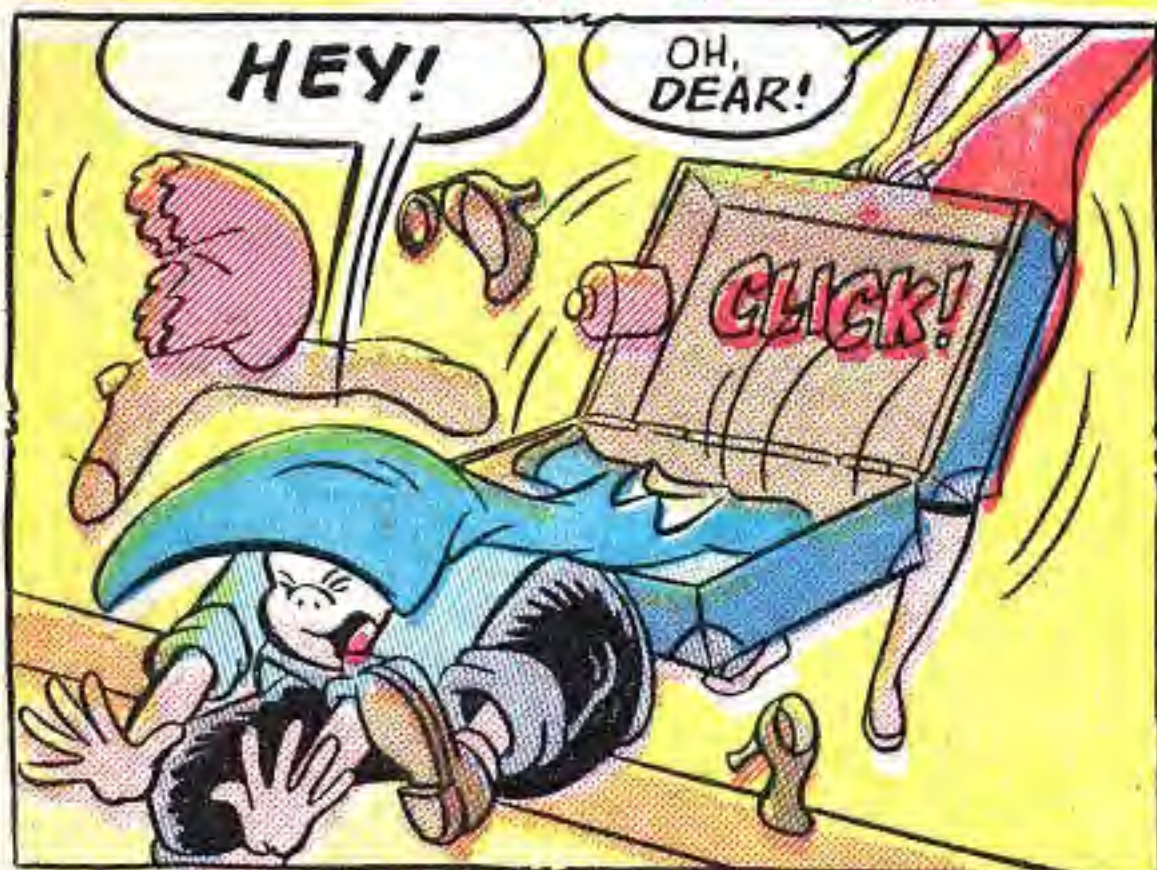
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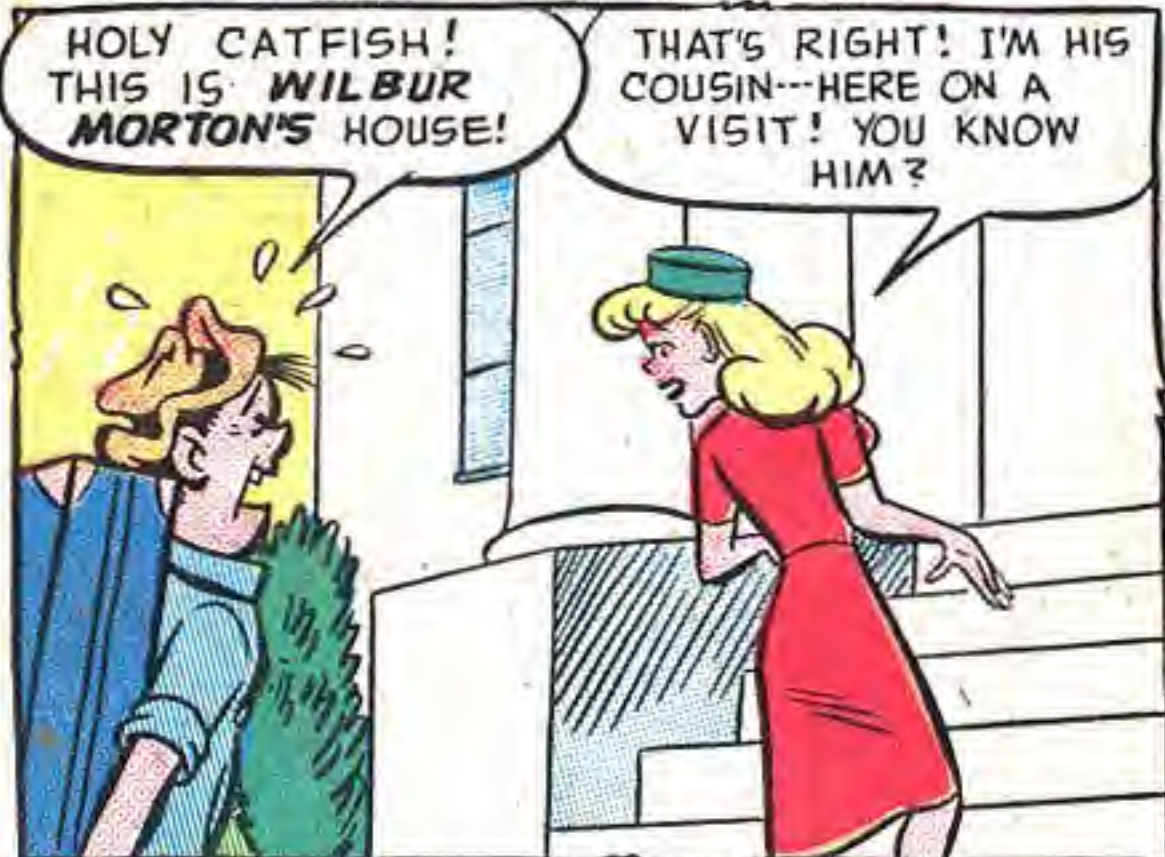
WHY TAKE A BUS?--I'LL CARRY IT FOR YOU, PRETTY GIRL! I'M **STRONG!** I EAT **TREATIES**, THE BREAKFAST FOOD OF WRESTLERS, EVERY DAY! ALL MY FRIENDS CALL ME JACK HEAD-STRONG, THE ALL-AMERICAN JERK--**OOPS!** I MEAN **BOY!**

HOW SWEET!



SO... I'D SWEAR SHE HAD AN **ANVIL** IN THIS THING IF I HADN'T SEEN IT ONLY HAD CLOTHES IN IT! BUT I DON'T CARE IF I CAN MAKE OUT WITH THIS GORGEOUS CHICK!

THERE IT IS! THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING!



HOLY CATFISH! THIS IS **WILBUR MORTON'S** HOUSE!

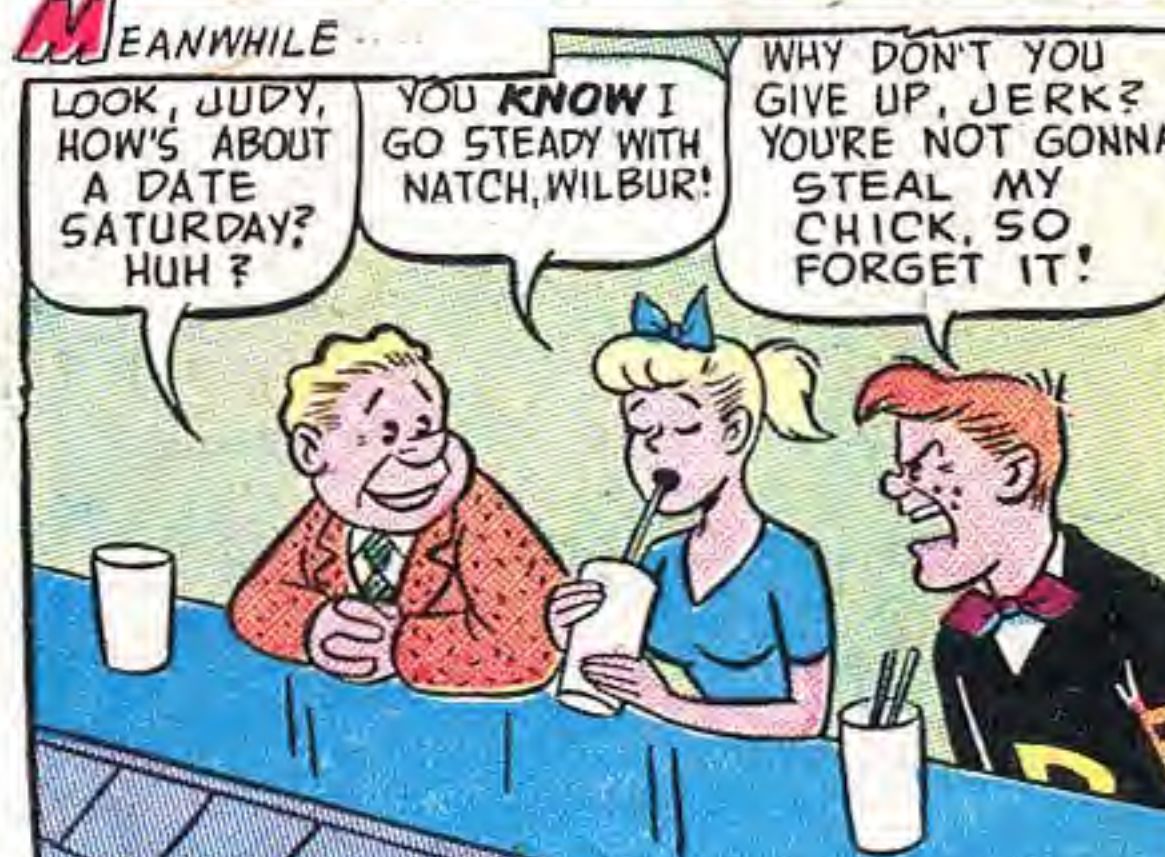
THAT'S RIGHT! I'M HIS COUSIN--HERE ON A VISIT! YOU KNOW HIM?



YEAH, I KNOW HIM! WELL, GOODBYE!--IT WAS NICE WHILE IT LASTED!



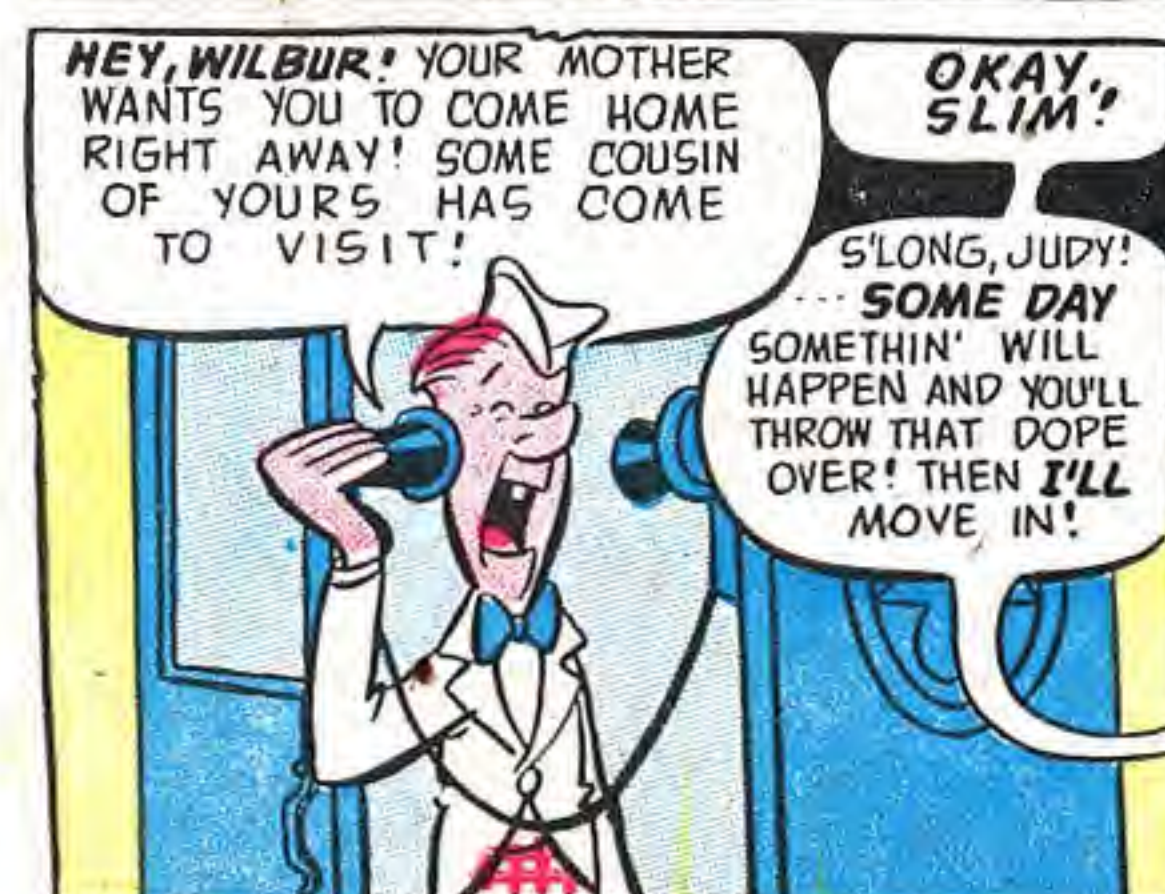
MAN! THIS JUST AIN'T MY DAY! AS SOON AS WILBUR KNEW SHE'D MET ME, HE'D FIX MY WAGON **GOOD!** HE'D TELL HER NOT TO HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH ME!--**SNIFF!**... GUESS I'LL GO DOWN TO THE **SWEET TOOTH** AND SEE IF ANY OF THE GANG ARE AROUND NOW!



MEANWHILE...
LOOK, JUDY, HOW'S ABOUT A DATE SATURDAY? HUH?

YOU **KNOW** I GO STEADY WITH NATCH, WILBUR!

WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP, JERK? YOU'RE NOT GONNA STEAL MY CHICK, SO FORGET IT!

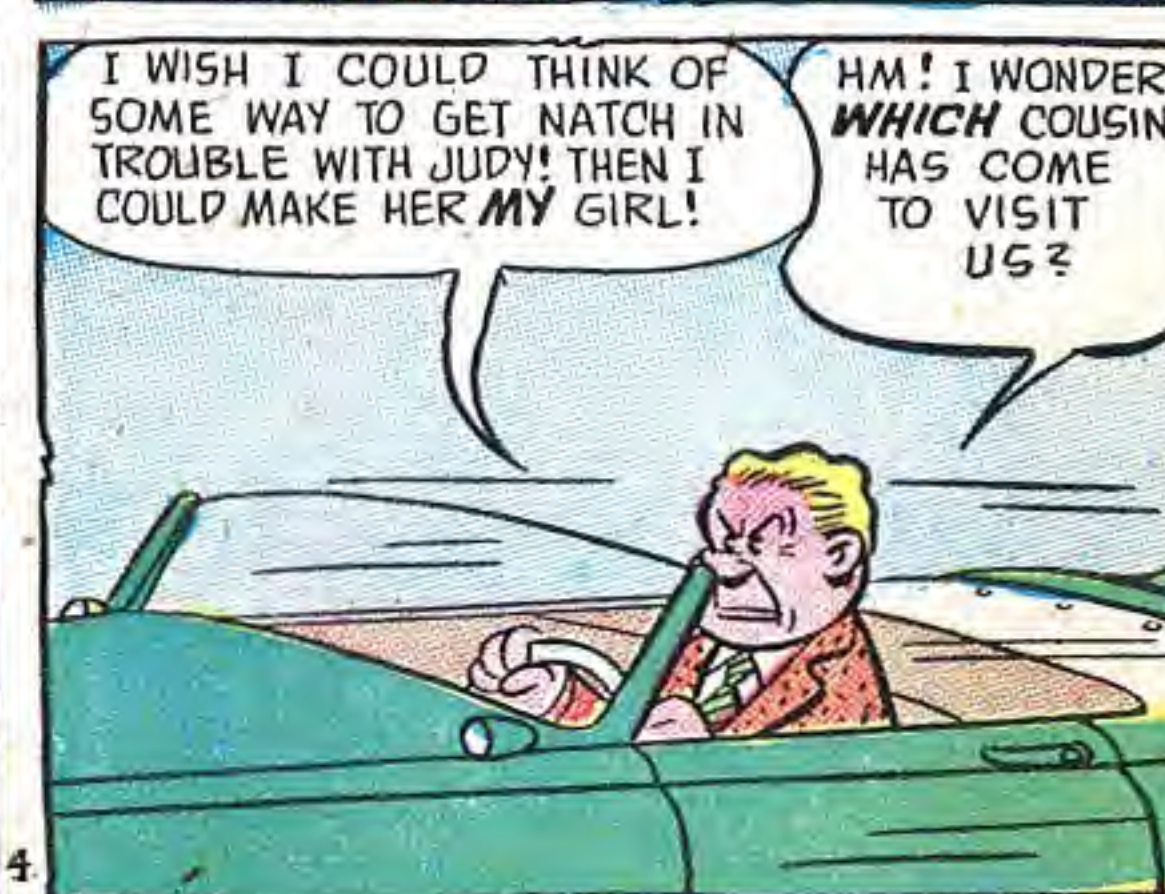


HEY, WILBUR! YOUR MOTHER WANTS YOU TO COME HOME RIGHT AWAY! SOME COUSIN OF YOURS HAS COME TO VISIT!

OKAY, SLIM!

S'LONG, JUDY!

SOME DAY SOMETHIN' WILL HAPPEN AND YOU'LL THROW THAT DOPE OVER! THEN I'LL MOVE IN!



I WISH I COULD THINK OF SOME WAY TO GET NATCH IN TROUBLE WITH JUDY! THEN I COULD MAKE HER **MY** GIRL!

HM! I WONDER WHICH COUSIN HAS COME TO VISIT US?

MINUTES LATER...

SYLVIA! HEY, HOW ARE YA? STILL SELLING CIGARETTES AT THE CLUB ELITE IN NEW YORK?

SURE THING, WILBUR! HOW'S THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY?



NO---**LISTEN!** THERE'S A GUY IN THIS TOWN---MY **BEST FRIEND**, IN FACT---AND THE POOR JERK'S NEVER HAD A GIRL FRIEND! SO LOOK! I'VE DONE FAVORS FOR **YOU!** REMEMBER THE 200 BUCKS I SENT YOU WHEN YOU WERE OUTA WORK? OKAY, NOW I WANT **YOU** TO DO SOMETHIN' FOR **ME!**

WHY, I'D BE GLAD TO---YOU KNOW THAT!



RIGHT NOW! HE'S AT THE **SWEET TOOTH**---AND HE'S SITTING ON THE END STOOL!

FINE! LEAVE IT TO **ME**, WILBUR!



MAN! THIS DAY IS GETTIN' **WORSE** AS IT GOES ALONG!

LET'S SEE, WILBUR SAID HE'D BE SITTING ON THE END STOOL!

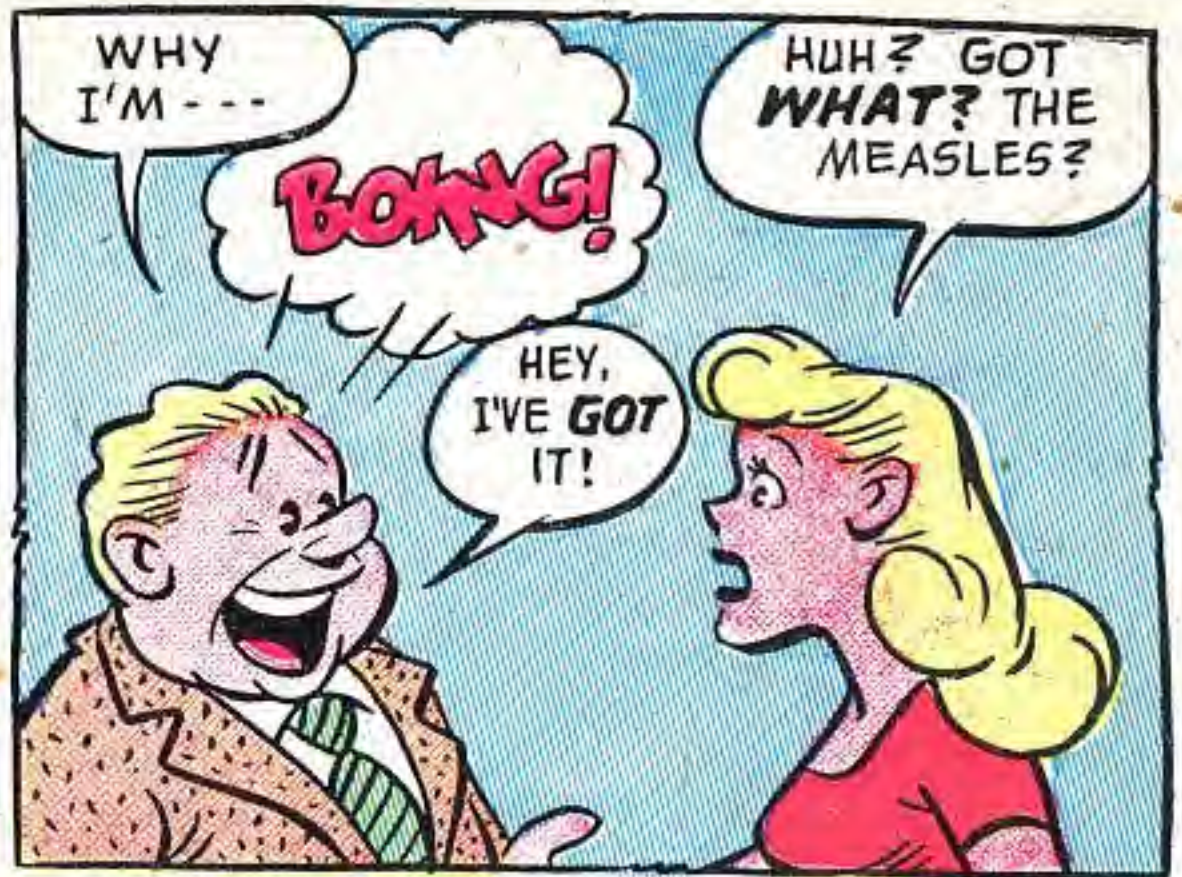


WHY I'M ---

BONNG!

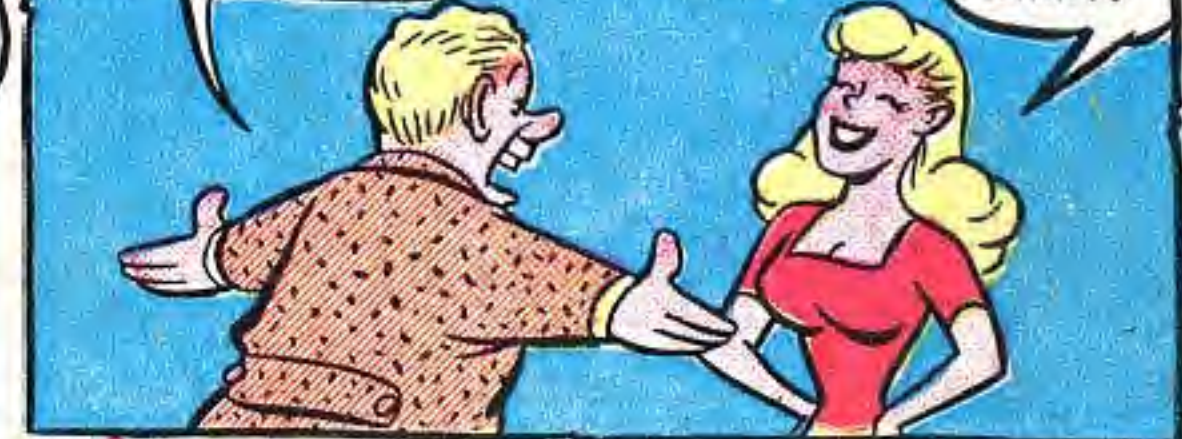
HUH? GOT **WHAT?** THE MEASLES?

HEY, I'VE GOT IT!



SWELL---HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO! PRETEND TO MEET THIS POOR GUY ACCIDENTALLY---AND **MAKE A PLAY FOR HIM!** GO FOR HIM IN A BIG WAY AND **KEEP GOIN'** FOR HIM FOR THE 3 DAYS YOU'RE IN TOWN! IT'LL MEAN **EVERYTHING** TO HIM!

OKAY, SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH! WHEN DO WE START?



MEANWHILE---

WOW! NATCH AN' JUDY ARE HERE! **HI, KIDS!** WHAT'S---HEY, WHERE YA GOIN'? I JUST GOT HERE!

SORRY, JACKSON! I'VE GOTTA HELP MY PASH-PIE MOVE SOME FURNITURE AROUND!

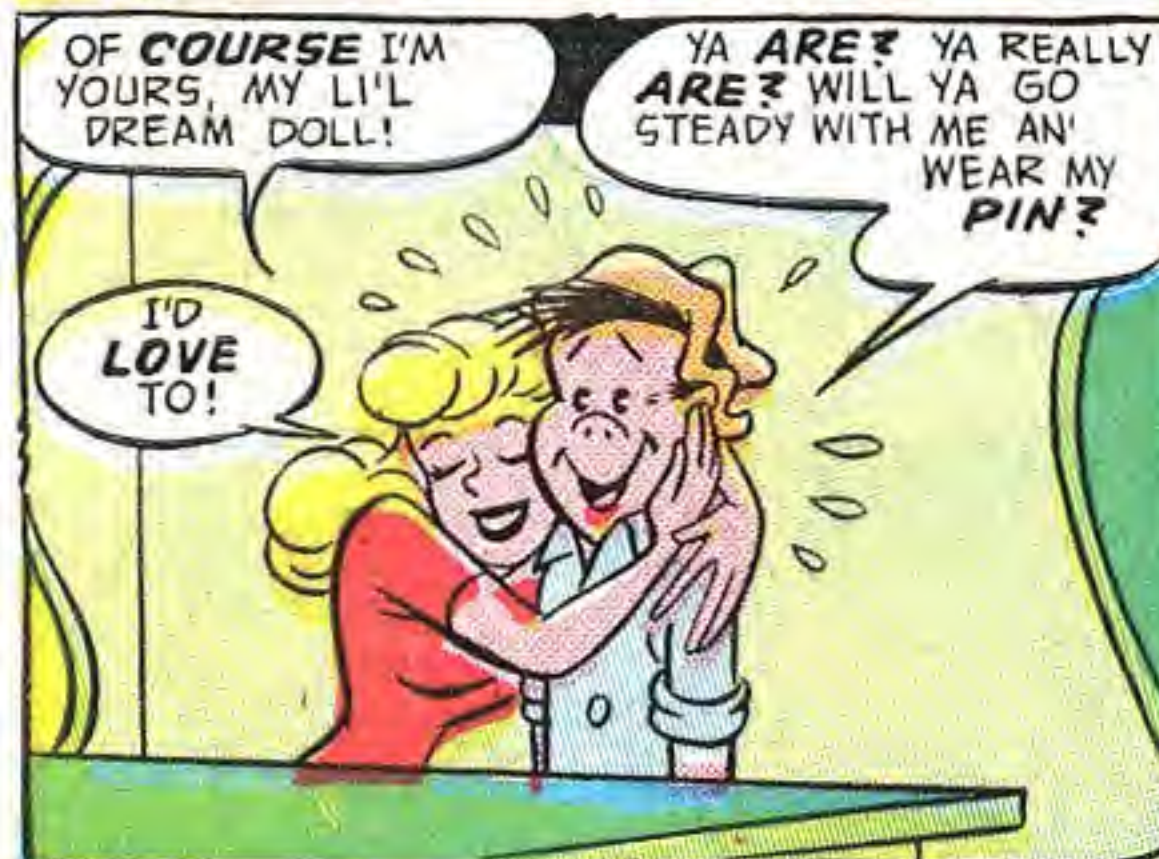
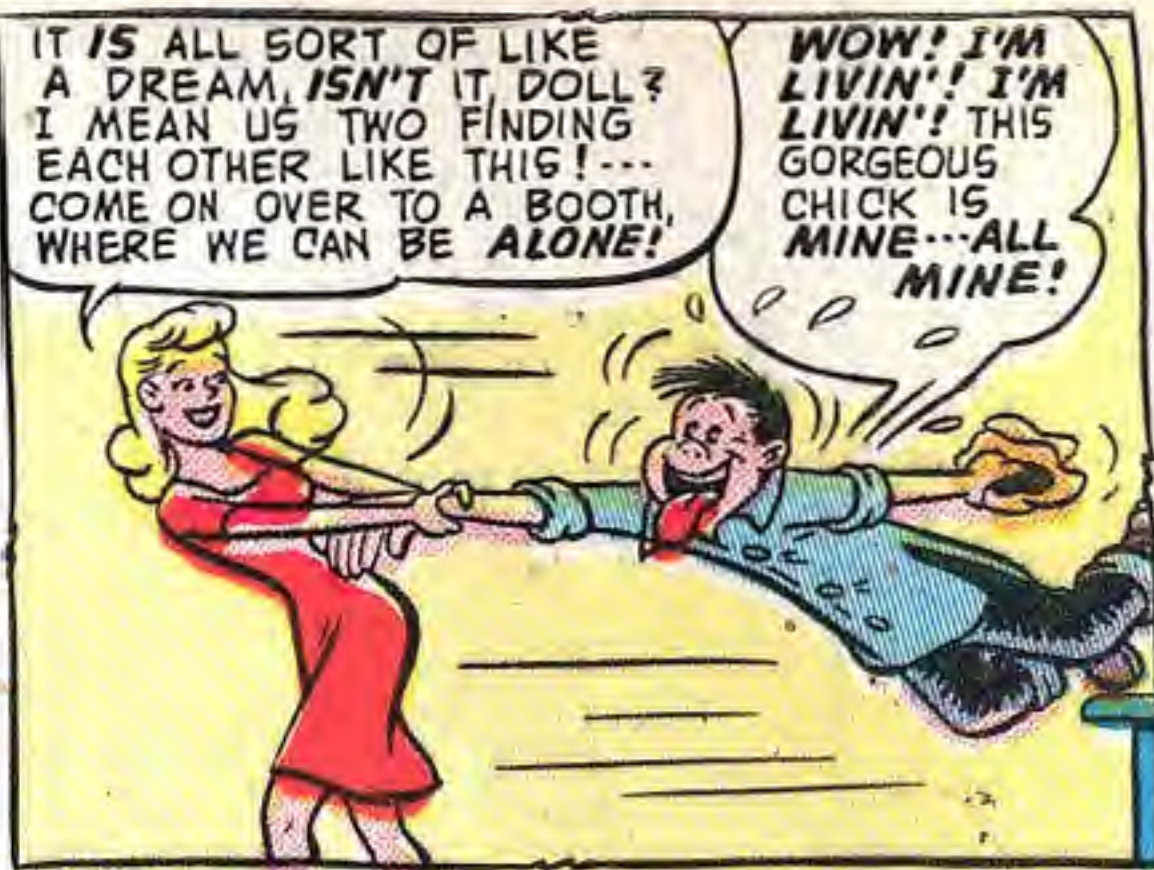


WHY, IT'S THAT LITTLE JERK WITH THE PUG NOSE THAT CARRIED MY SUITCASE!

DARLING! WHY DID YOU DASH OFF SO FAST?

HUH?





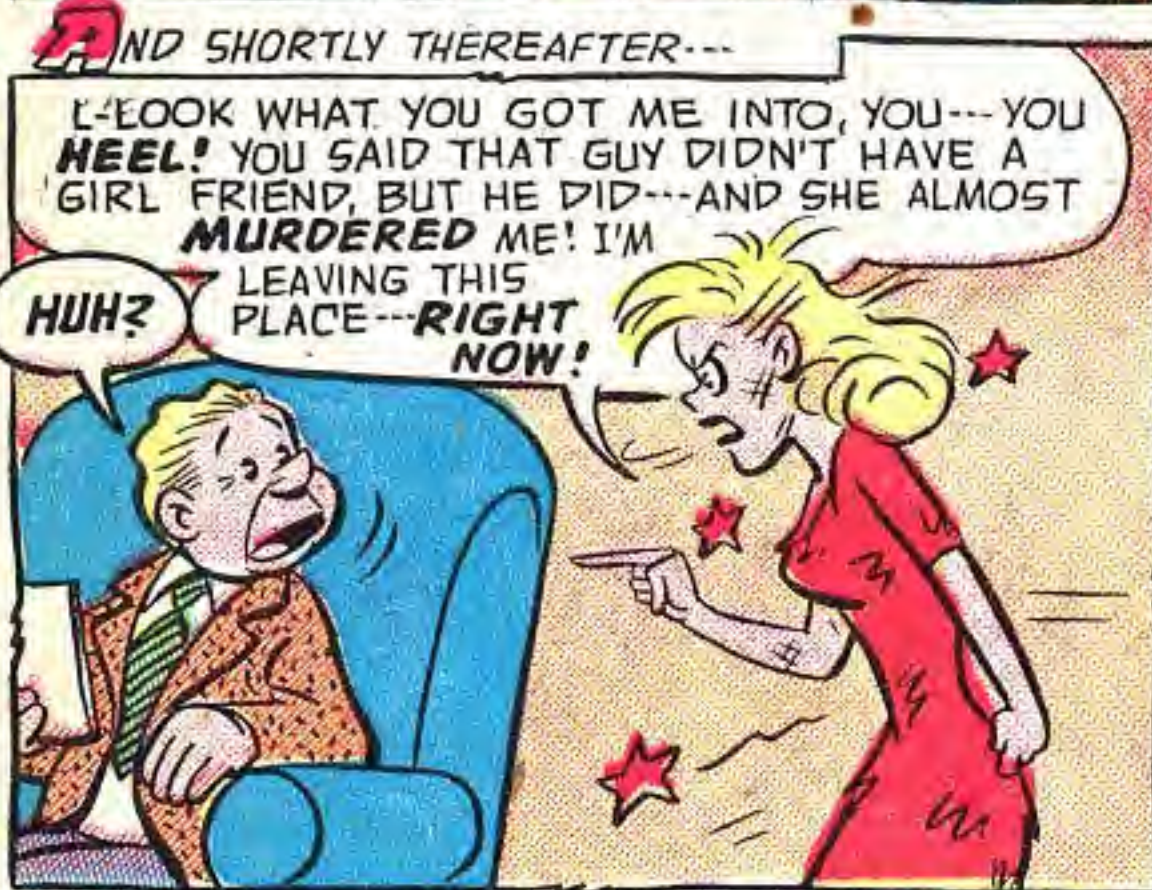


WELL, SHE'S **NOT** GETTING AWAY WITH IT! NOBODY'S TAKING MY BOY-FRIEND! I'M GOING DOWN THERE AND PUT A STOP TO THIS RIGHT NOW---AND I'LL STOP AT **NOTHING!**



PORTIA!

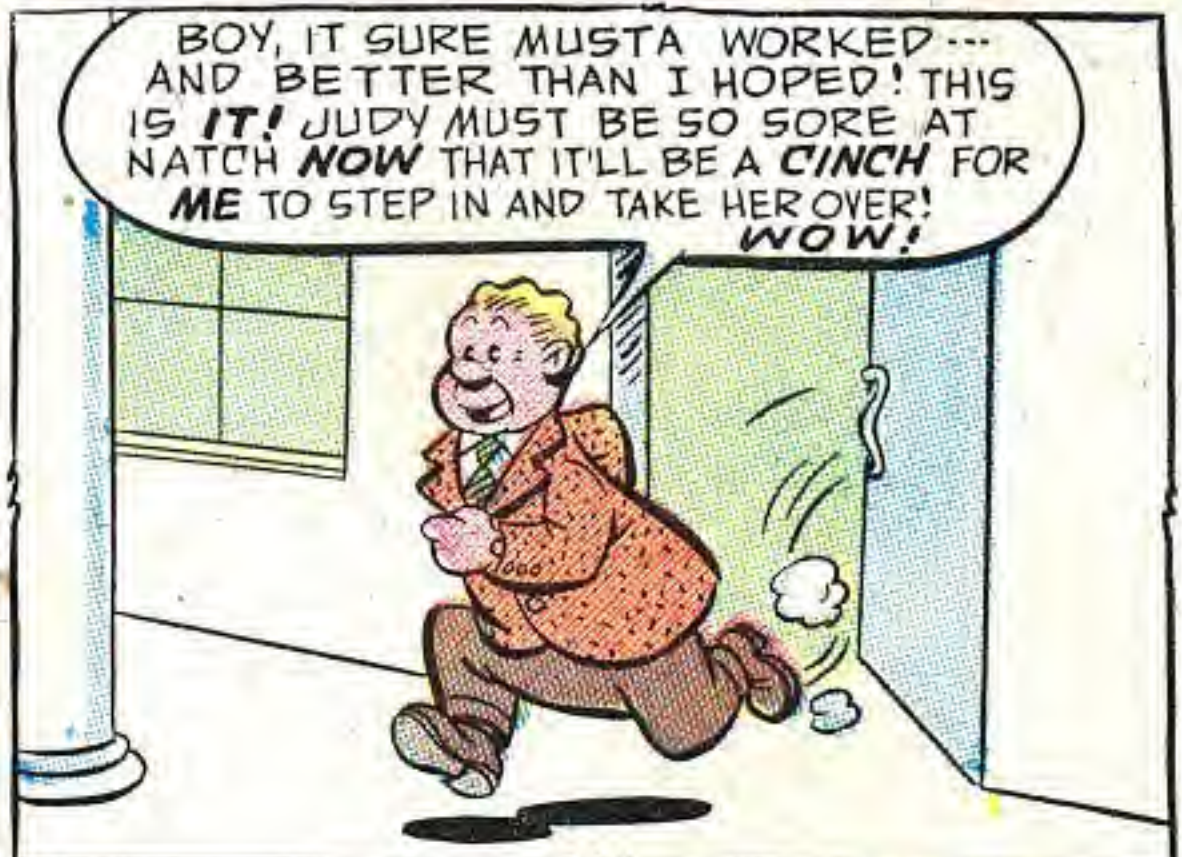
YES---**PORTIA!** NOW GET OUT OF THE WAY, YOU LITTLE PIPSQUEAK, OR YOU'RE LIABLE TO GET HURT IN THE **MAYHEM** THAT'S ABOUT TO START!



AND SHORTLY THEREAFTER---

LOOK WHAT YOU GOT ME INTO, YOU---YOU **HEEL!** YOU SAID THAT GUY DIDN'T HAVE A GIRL FRIEND, BUT HE DID---AND SHE ALMOST **MURDERED** ME! I'M LEAVING THIS PLACE---**RIGHT NOW!**

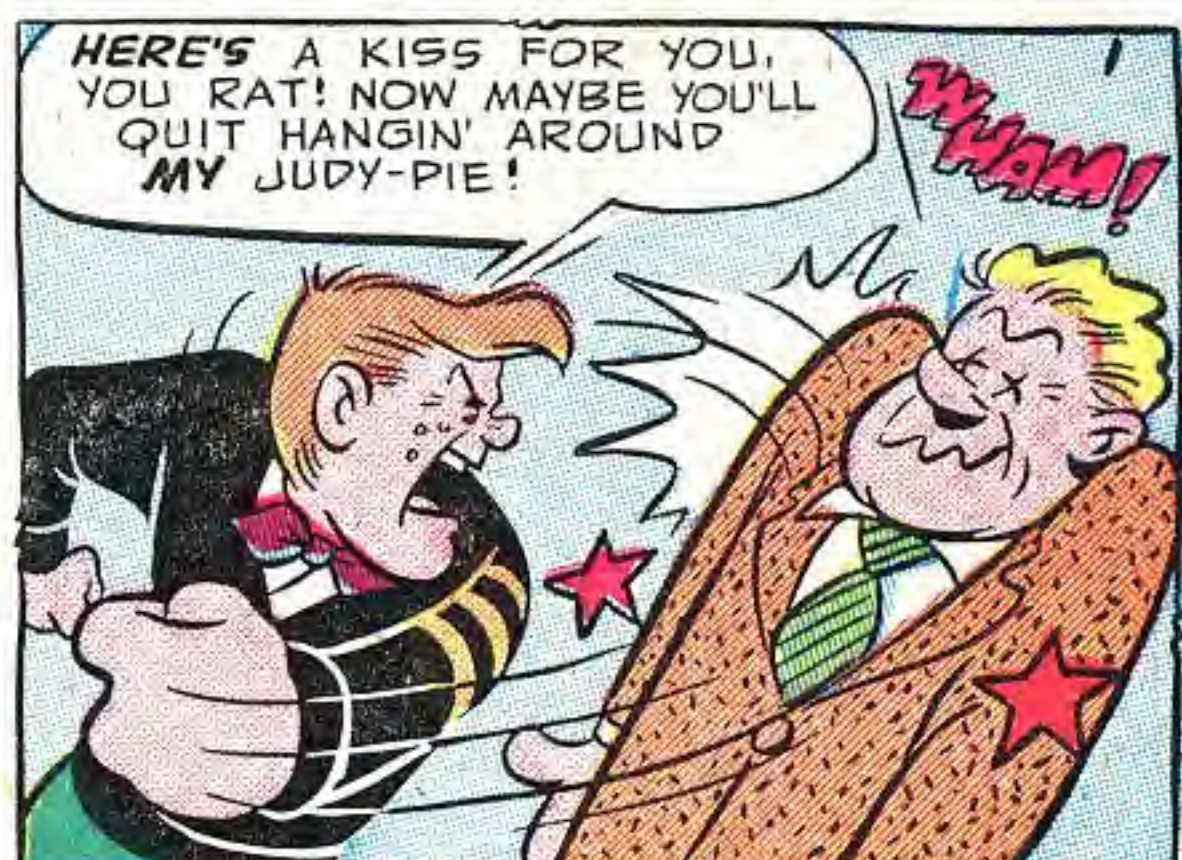
HUH?



BOY, IT SURE MUSTA WORKED--- AND BETTER THAN I HOPED! THIS IS **IT!** JUDY MUST BE SO SORE AT NATCH **NOW** THAT IT'LL BE A **CINCH** FOR ME TO STEP IN AND TAKE HER OVER! **WOW!**

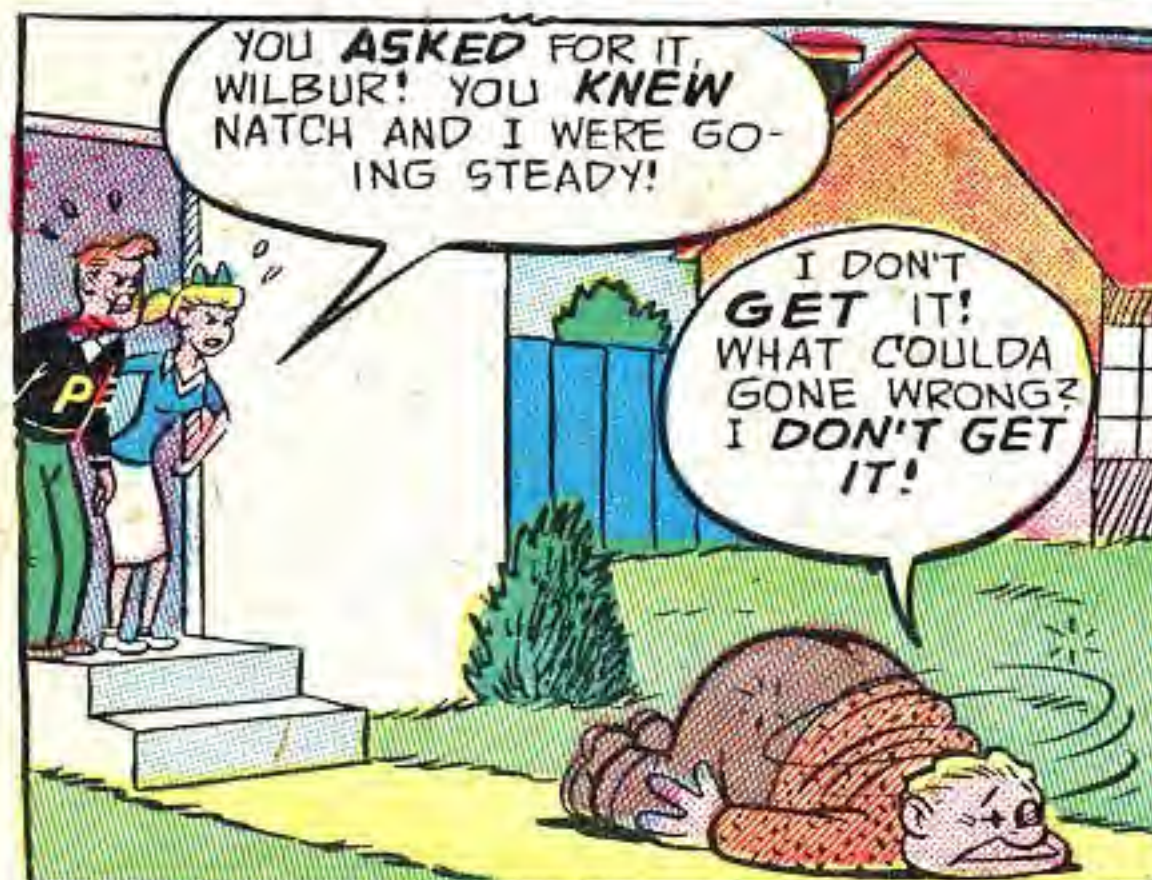


JUDY! JUDY, BABY! IT'S **ME**---**WILBUR!** GIMME A GREAT BIG KISS, DOLL, AND **FORGET** THAT NATCH!



HERE'S A KISS FOR YOU, YOU RAT! NOW MAYBE YOU'LL QUIT HANGIN' AROUND MY JUDY-PIE!

WAM!



YOU **ASKED** FOR IT, WILBUR! YOU **KNEW** NATCH AND I WERE GOING STEADY!

I DON'T **GET** IT! WHAT COULDA GONE WRONG? I **DON'T** GET IT!



MAN! YOU WERE **KEEN**, PORTIA! **WOTTA FIGHTER!** WHY, I MUSTA BEEN OUTA MY **MIND**, GOIN' FOR THAT OTHER CHICK! HOLY COW, YOU'VE GOT SOMETHIN'--- A **RIGHT CROSS** AN' A **LEFT HOOK!** ER---AH--- COUPLE OF KIDS BEEN PICKIN' ON ME, AND---

RELAX, LOVER-BOY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!

The End

Quick as a FLASH!

AS TRUDY ENTERED the school gymnasium that evening, she felt keenly how different she was from all the other girls. There was Barbara, for instance, escorted not by one, but by *two* boys! And there was Lois, her gleaming hair and smile plainly captivating the boy she was with! And Penny, bright and cute as her name!

"I guess I'll always be just...nothing!" Trudy thought, thinking of her own straight brown hair, her brown eyes and her plain navy blue dress, all very neat and correct but hardly glamorous.

No one had asked her to the basketball game that night. But she was used to that, used to being the forgotten one in a crowd, used to going places by herself. Not that being used to a thing made it any better or nicer. Oh, no! How Trudy wanted to be one of the starry-eyed, enviable girls who had smart things to say and boys to say them to!

As she found her place on one of the benches near the court, a voice said warningly, "Hey, watch it! That stuff's breakable!"

"I'll be careful," promised Trudy, gingerly seating herself alongside a pile of miscellaneous photography equipment. It was Buff Collins who had spoken thus, Buff being the photographer of the school paper and a pretty important guy. He was so important, in fact, that Trudy couldn't think of a thing to say to him as he worked busily away with flashlight bulbs and slides.

The game was exciting, as games between long-standing rival schools can be. Trudy even forgot her lonesomeness as she cheered for the victories and groaned at the losses. But, during a break between halves, she found herself again a plain, lonesome girl without a boy to talk to, to laugh with!

"Guess I'll stroll around a bit," she thought, getting up to stretch.

"Hey, how's about giving me a hand

with this stuff? I want to get some behind-the-scenes stuff!" Buff Collins said.

"Oh, I'd love to help!" Trudy was so thrilled at being noticed that she never minded being laden down with films and and bulbs and all sorts of leather bags containing Buff's equipment. She was thrilled as they walked together towards the locker section, feeling that at last she was *in* things!

So thrilled was she, that she hardly noticed where she was going until Buff yelled, "Look out!" It was too late. Trudy had stumbled and tripped in the flash of exploding light! She had joggled something and a camera had gone off!

"Dopey dame!" Buff grumbled. "Never mind any more! I'll carry my own stuff! Might have known better than to..."

Trudy did not stay to hear any more, nor did she stay to watch any more basketball. Blinded by tears, she ran for home and the shelter of her own solitude. "I can never face him again!" she wept. "If only I didn't have to go to school tomorrow!"

But she *did* have to go to school. Ashamed and humiliated, she prayed that she would never have to see Buff Collins that day. As she walked across the campus, she thought, "Maybe I can transfer to another school...maybe I can be sick...maybe I..."

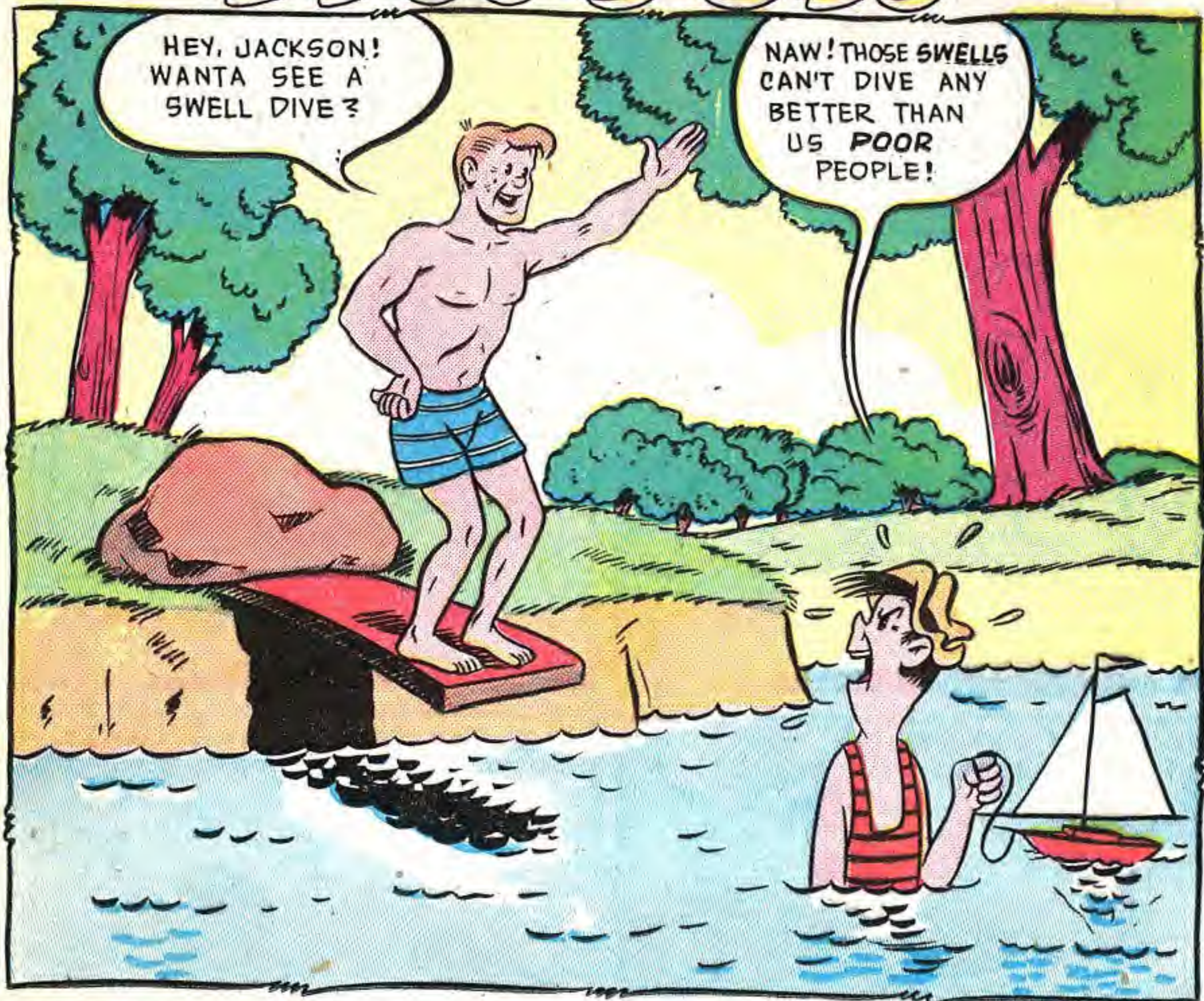
"Hi!" A cheerful voice, enthusiastic and friendly, greeted her. It was Buff, wreathed in smiles of pleasure. "Are you a slick chick! You took the best picture of the lot last night! Are you an ever-livin' doll! We might even win the picture contest this term, Trudy!"

"We?" As Trudy heard that little word, her eyes glowed, her smile produced dimples and even her hair seemed to curl about her shoulders.

"Yeah, you and me! Any objections?" Buff asked.

"No...none at all," Trudy replied. To herself she said... "We!"

"Natch"



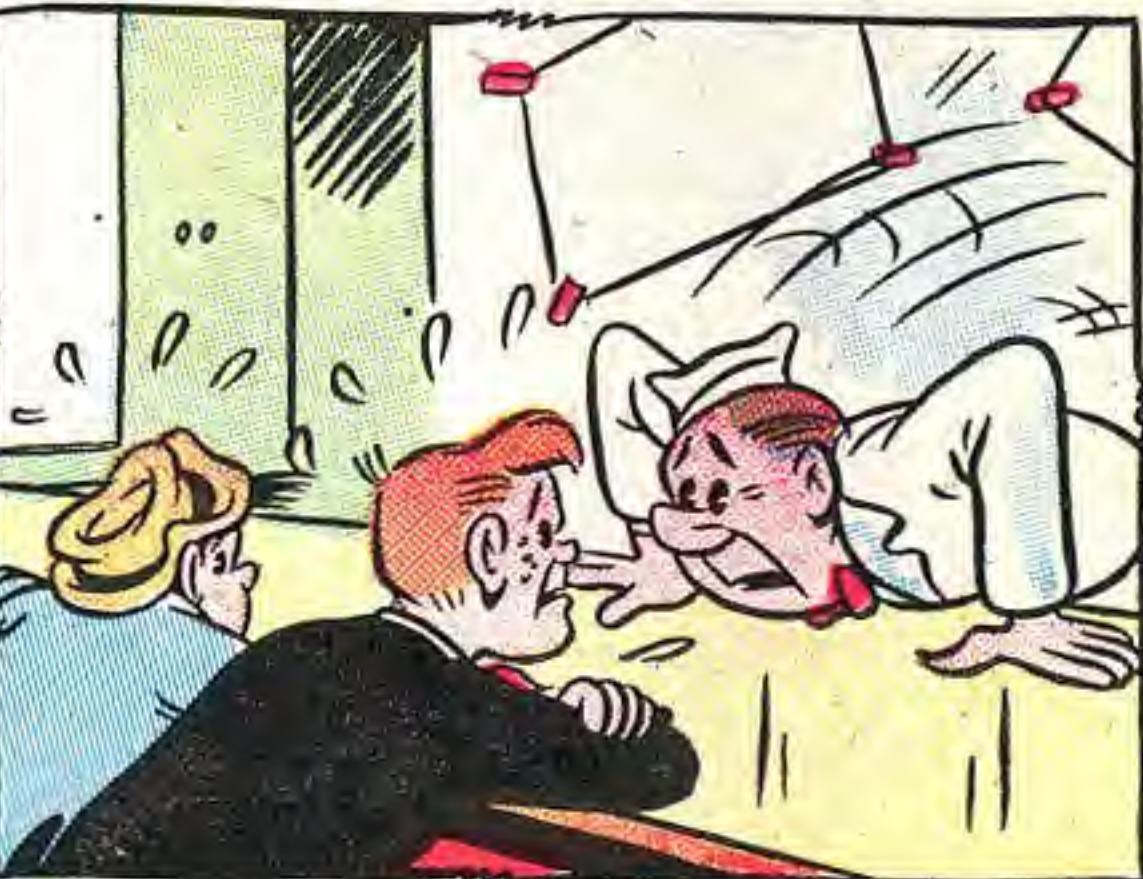
I STOPPED BY PORTIA'S TO RETURN A LES BROWN PLATTER I'D BORROWED, AND HER MOM SAID THAT SHE AND JUDY HAD GONE TO A GIRL'S SUMMER CAMP FOR A MONTH!

JUDY?
MY
JUDY?

YEAH, AND DIG **THIS!** ALL THE **OTHER** CHICKS IN TOWN HAVE GONE, TOO!

HOLY COW! WHAT'S LIFE WITHOUT LADIES? --- ESPECIALLY **LOVELY** LADIES!

HI YA, CATS!
WHAT GIVES
WITH ---



AWRIGHT,
WHO DIED?

WE
DID!

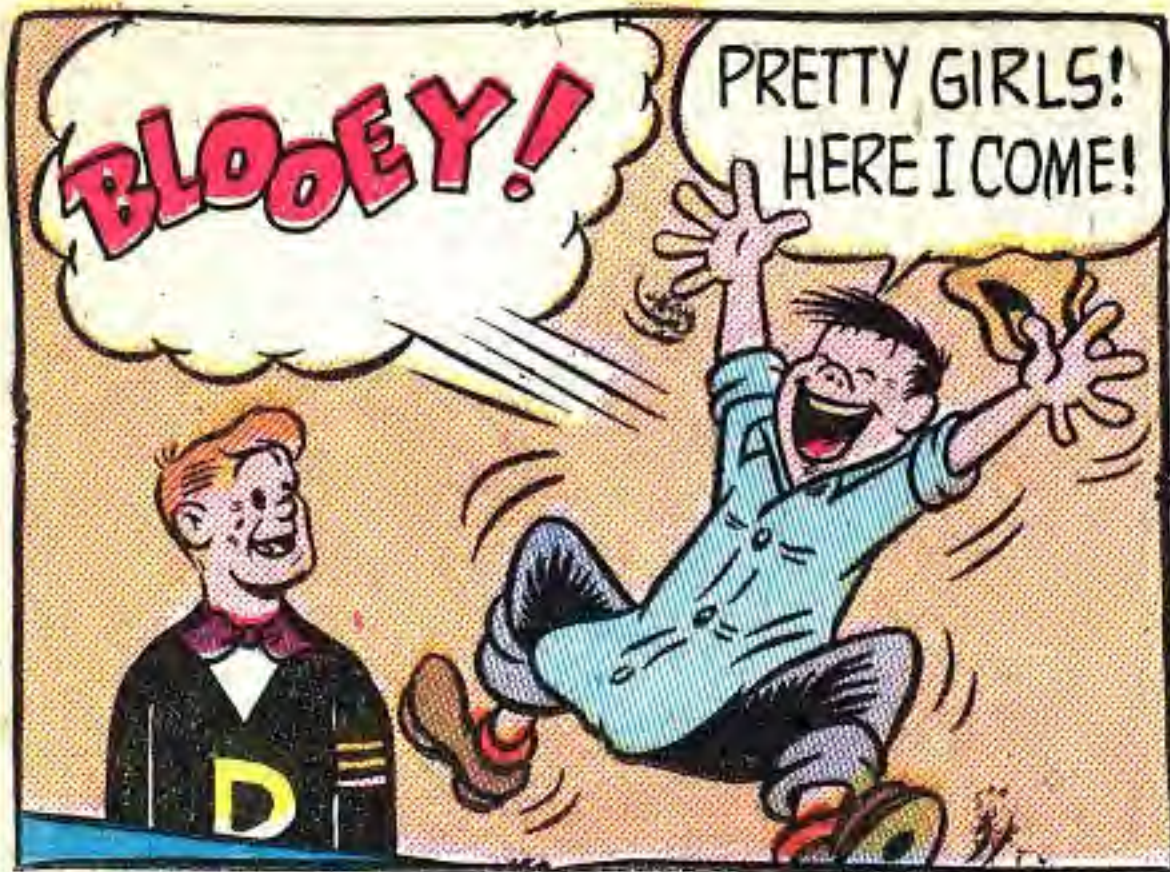
ALL THE SLICK CHICKS HAVE TAKEN OFF FOR THE PINE WOODS FOR A BIG FAT MESS OF FUN, AND WE'RE LEFT HERE WITH NO FEM COMPANIONSHIP!

JOIN 'EM,
BOYS! JOIN
'EM!

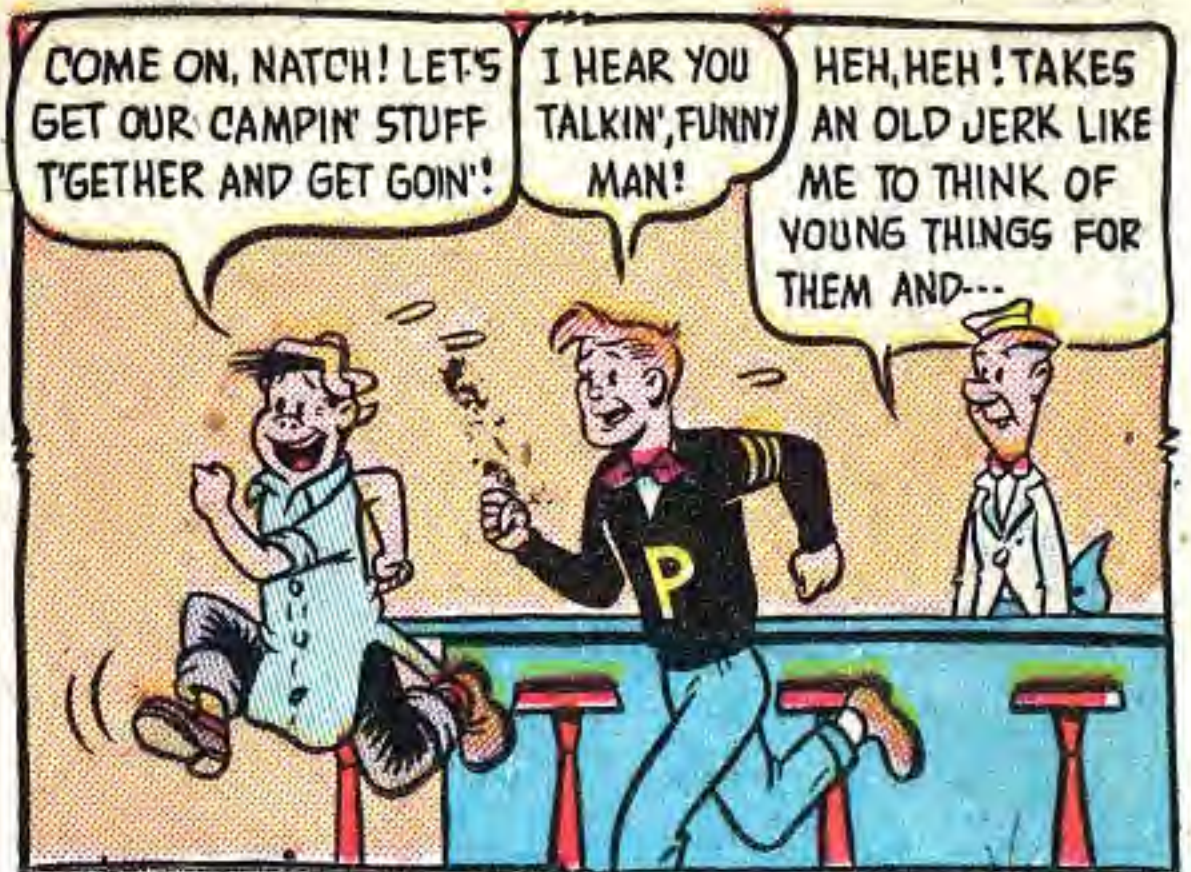
LOOK, LACE-BRAIN! THOSE ARE **GIRL** CAMPS! GET IT? **GIRLS!** NO BOYS! SO WE **CAN'T** JOIN 'EM! AND EVEN IF WE COULD WE HAVEN'T GOT THE GEETA FRATE THAT IT COSTS TO STAY AT ONE OF THOSE CAMPS!

OKAY! **CAMP OUT!** THAT DOESN'T COST YA A DIME AND YOU CAN FIND SOME PLACE NEAR THEIR CAMP TA DO IT!

HEY, THAT'S **IT** JACKSON! WE CAN EVEN BUILD A RAFT TA GET AROUND THE LAKE ON!



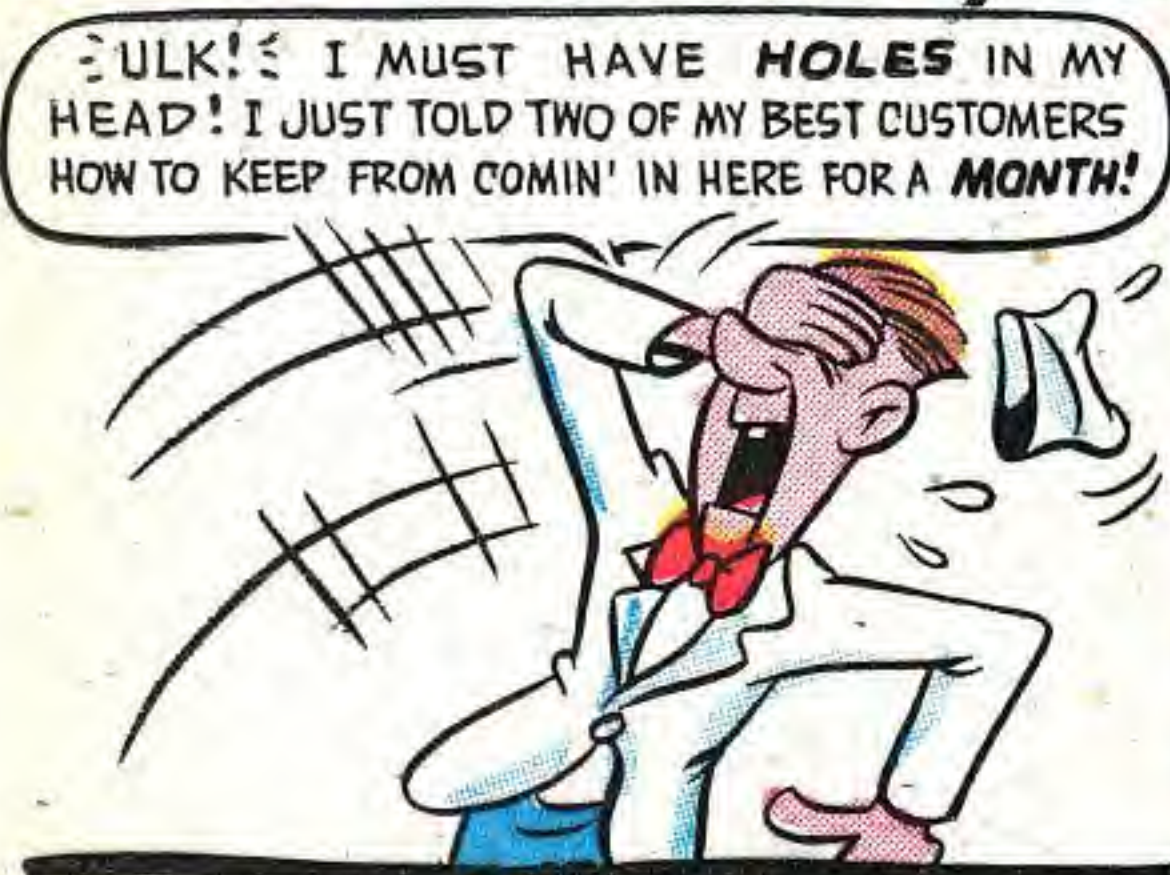
PRETTY GIRLS!
HERE I COME!



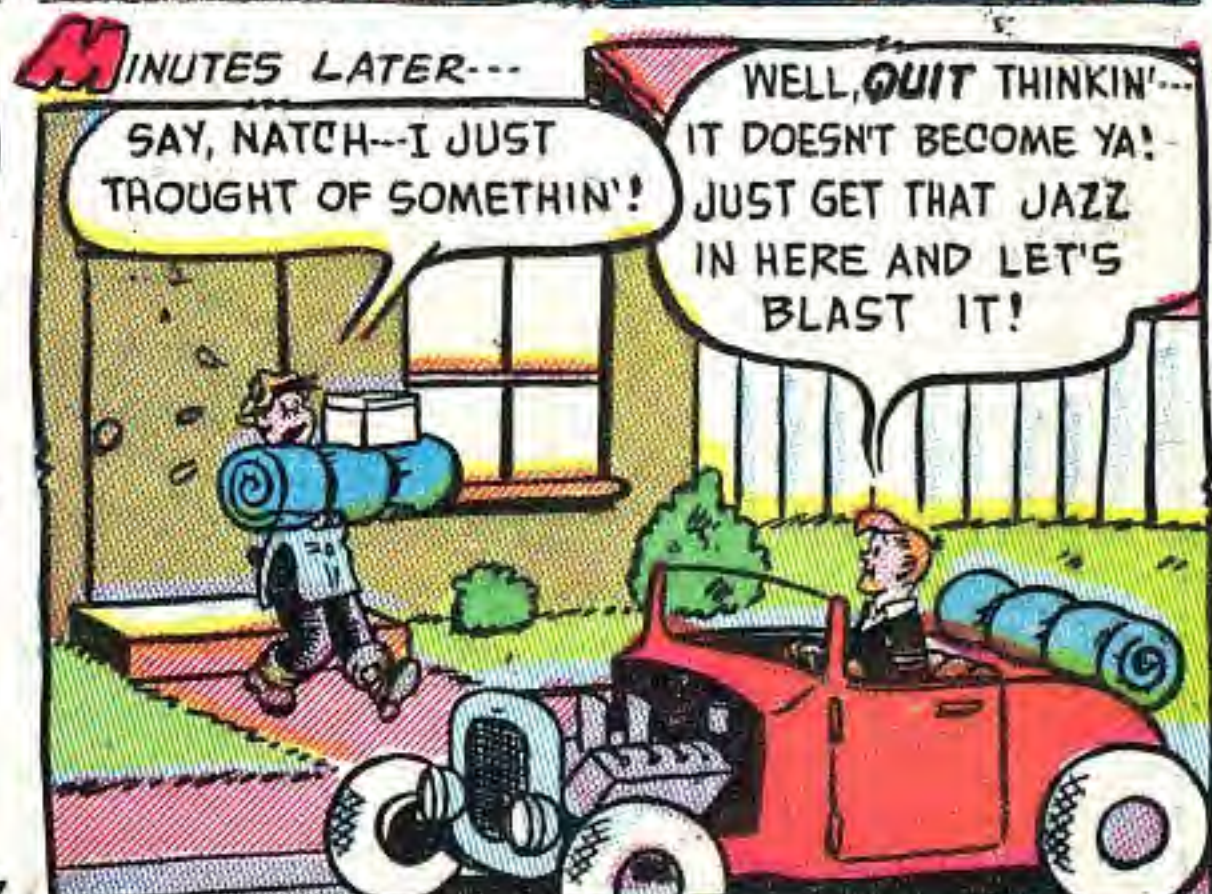
COME ON, NATCH! LET'S
GET OUR CAMPIN' STUFF
T'GETHER AND GET GOIN'!

I HEAR YOU
TALKIN', FUNNY
MAN!

HEH, HEH! TAKES
AN OLD JERK LIKE
ME TO THINK OF
YOUNG THINGS FOR
THEM AND...



WULK! I MUST HAVE **HOLES** IN MY
HEAD! I JUST TOLD TWO OF MY BEST CUSTOMERS
HOW TO KEEP FROM COMIN' IN HERE FOR A **MONTH!**



MINUTES LATER...

SAY, NATCH--I JUST
THOUGHT OF SOMETHIN'!

WELL, **QUIT** THINKIN'...
IT DOESN'T BECOME YA!
JUST GET THAT JAZZ
IN HERE AND LET'S
BLAST IT!



BUT THIS IS **IMPORTANT!** LISTEN, JUDY AND PORTIA
DIDN'T EVEN TELL US THEY WERE GOIN', DID THEY?

OKAY! SO WHY SHOULD WE CHASE
AFTER 'EM? APPARENTLY
THEY WANTED TA GET
AWAY FROM
US!

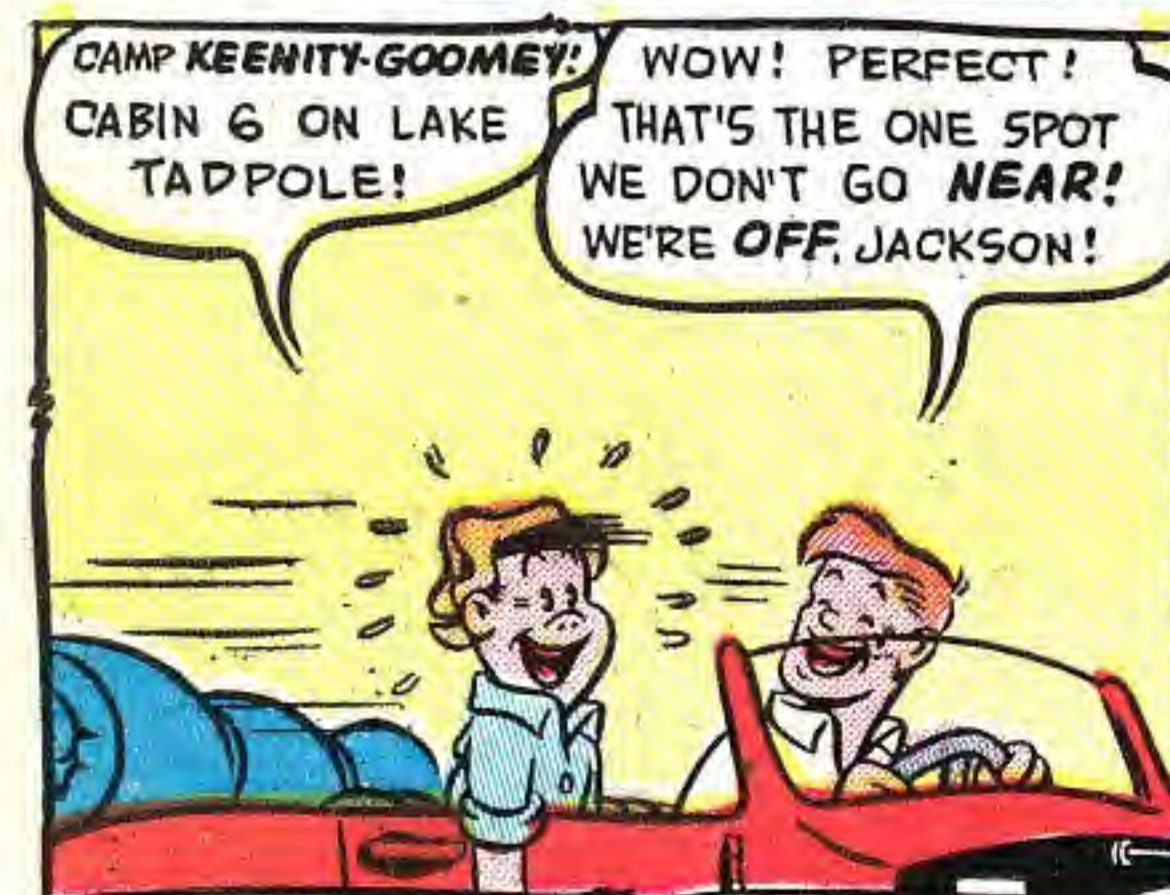
NO!

BY GOSH, YOU'RE **RIGHT**, JACKSON!



SO LET THEM GO **THEIR** WAY
AND WE'LL GO **OURS!** WHAT
WE NEED IS NEW AQUAINTANCES!
NEW CHICKS TO BE
CHUMMY WITH!

YEAH! WHAT THE HEY!
THIS IS A VACATION!
WONDER WHAT CAMP
THEY'RE AT?



CAMP **KEENITY-GOOMEY!**
CABIN 6 ON LAKE
TADPOLE!

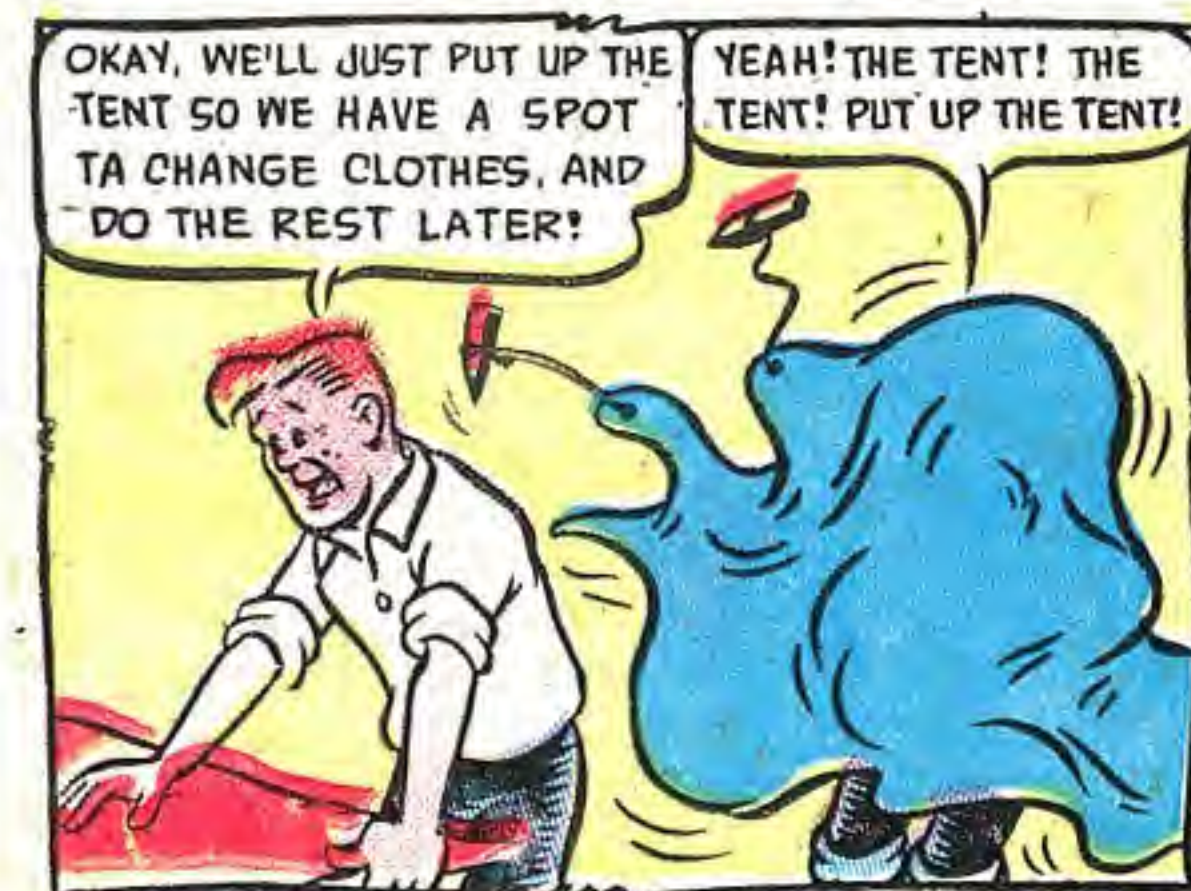
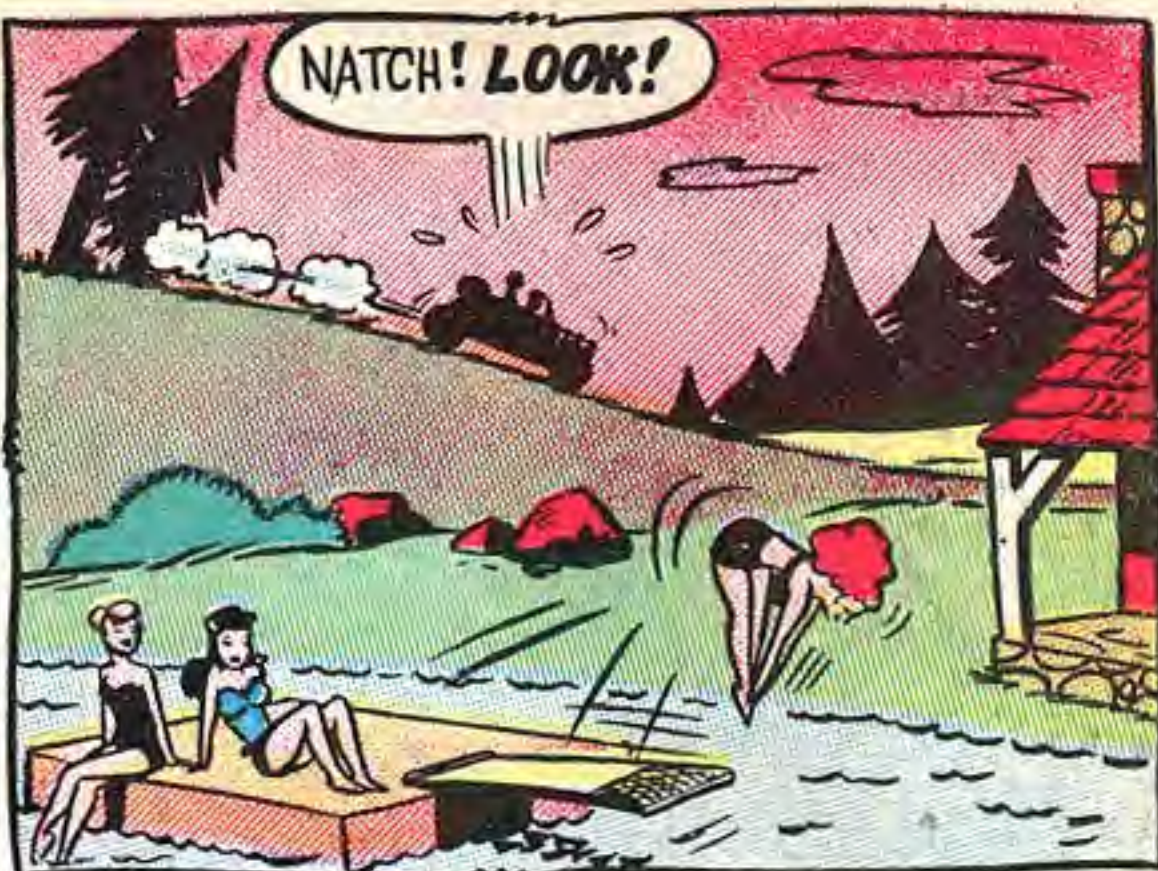
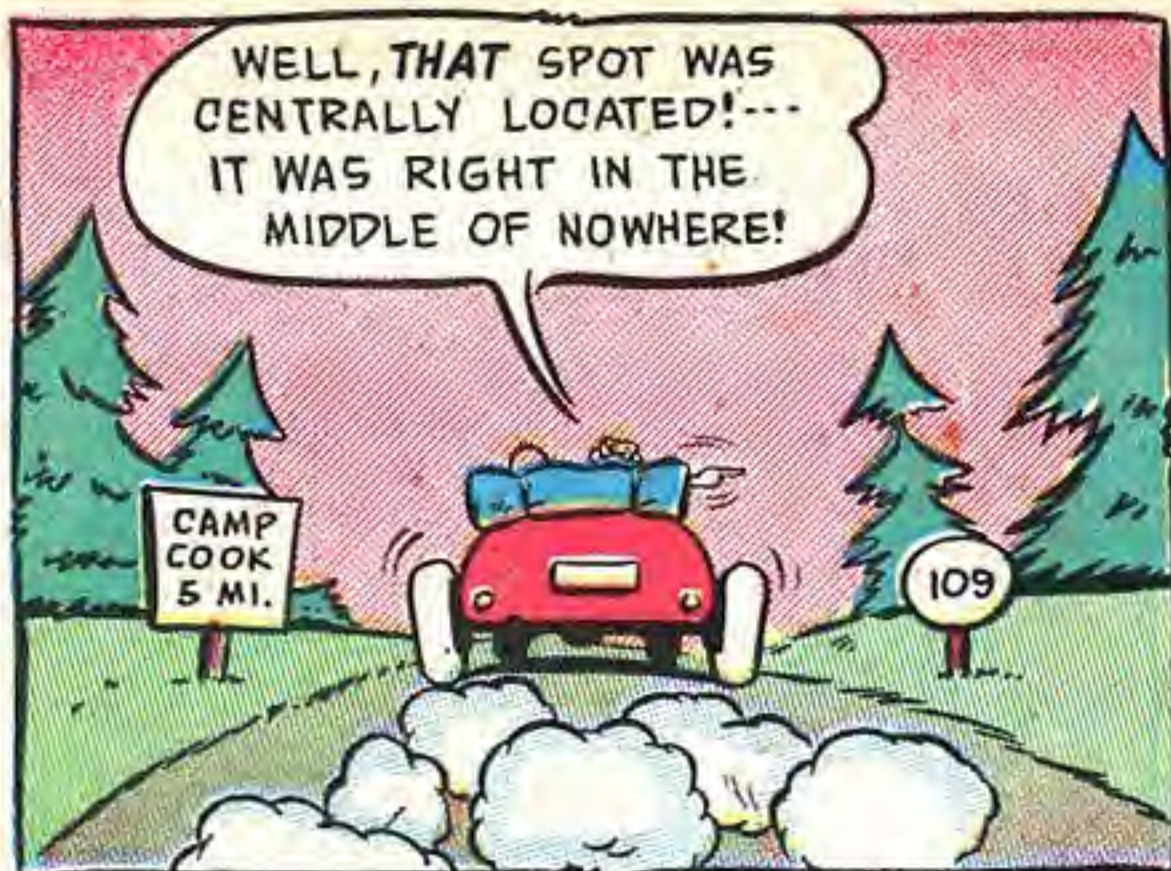
WOW! PERFECT!
THAT'S THE ONE SPOT
WE DON'T GO **NEAR!**
WE'RE **OFF**, JACKSON!

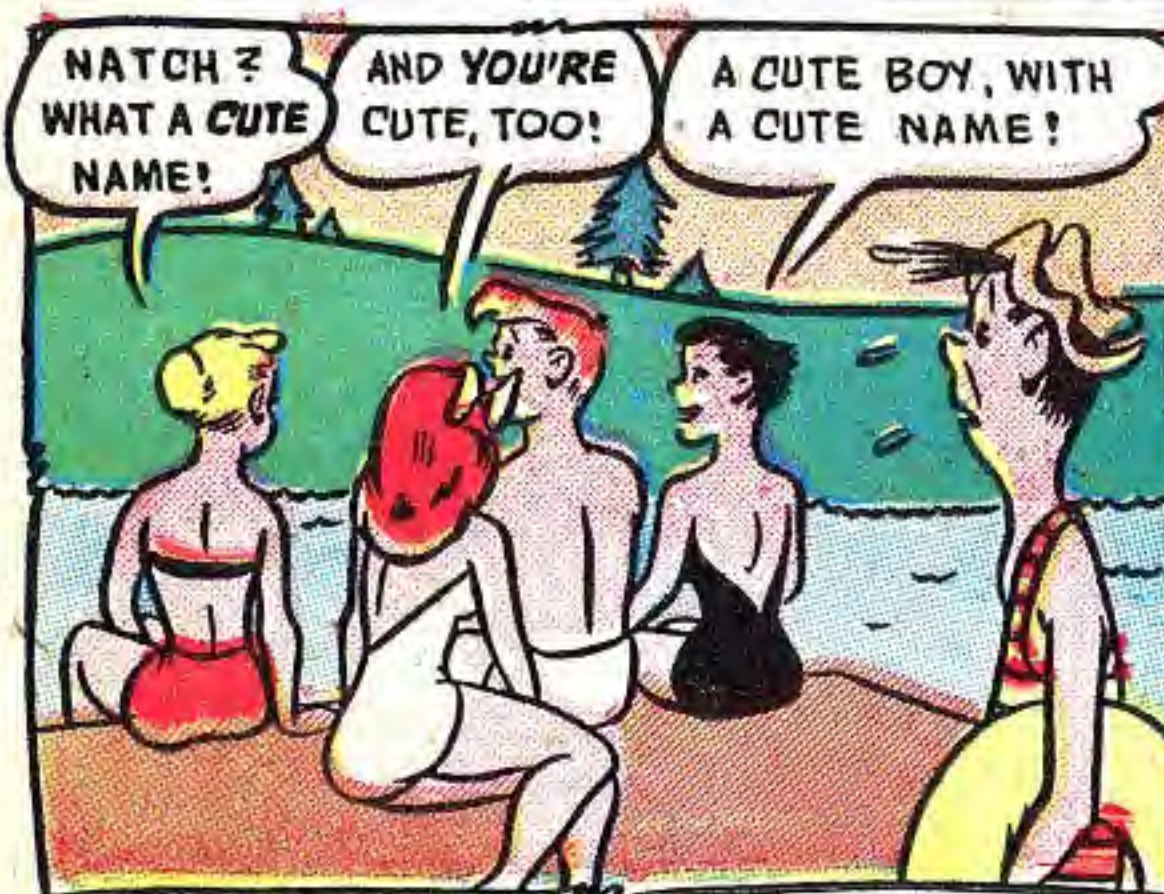
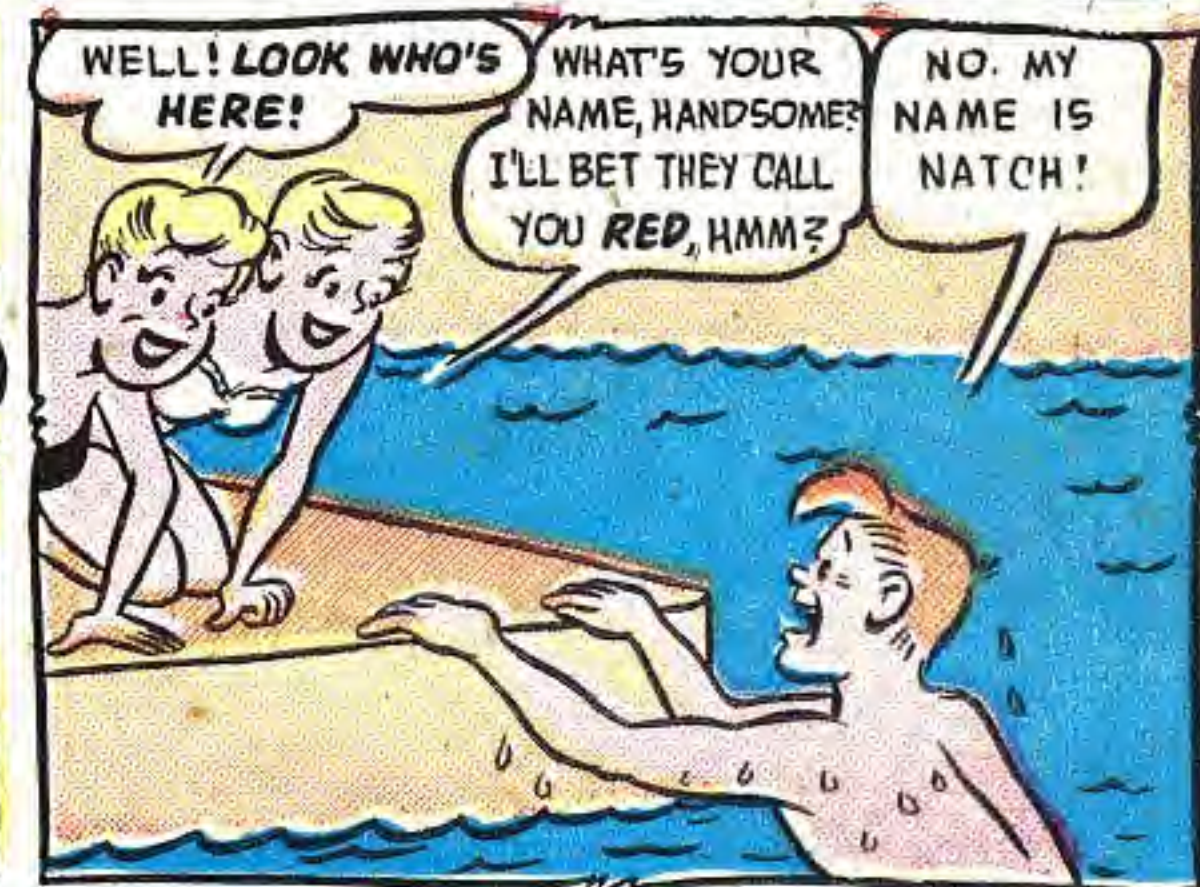


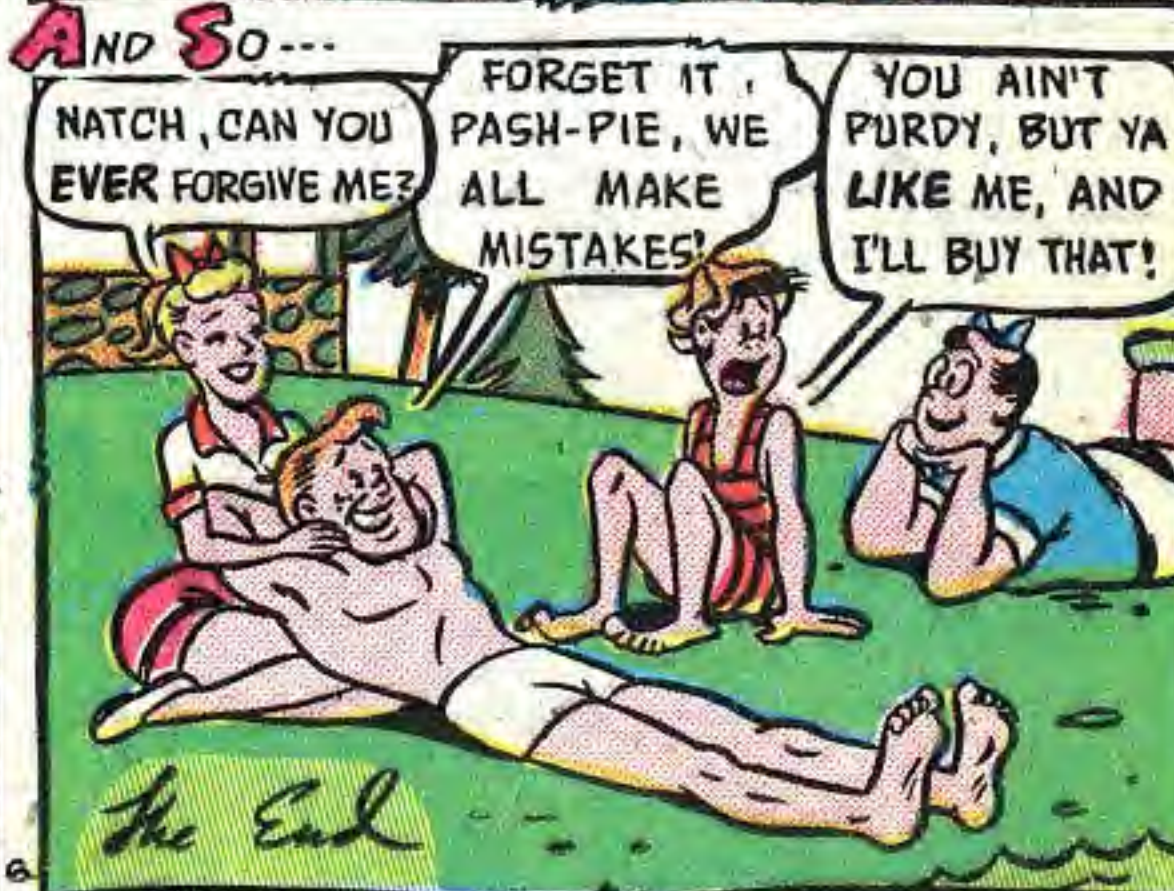
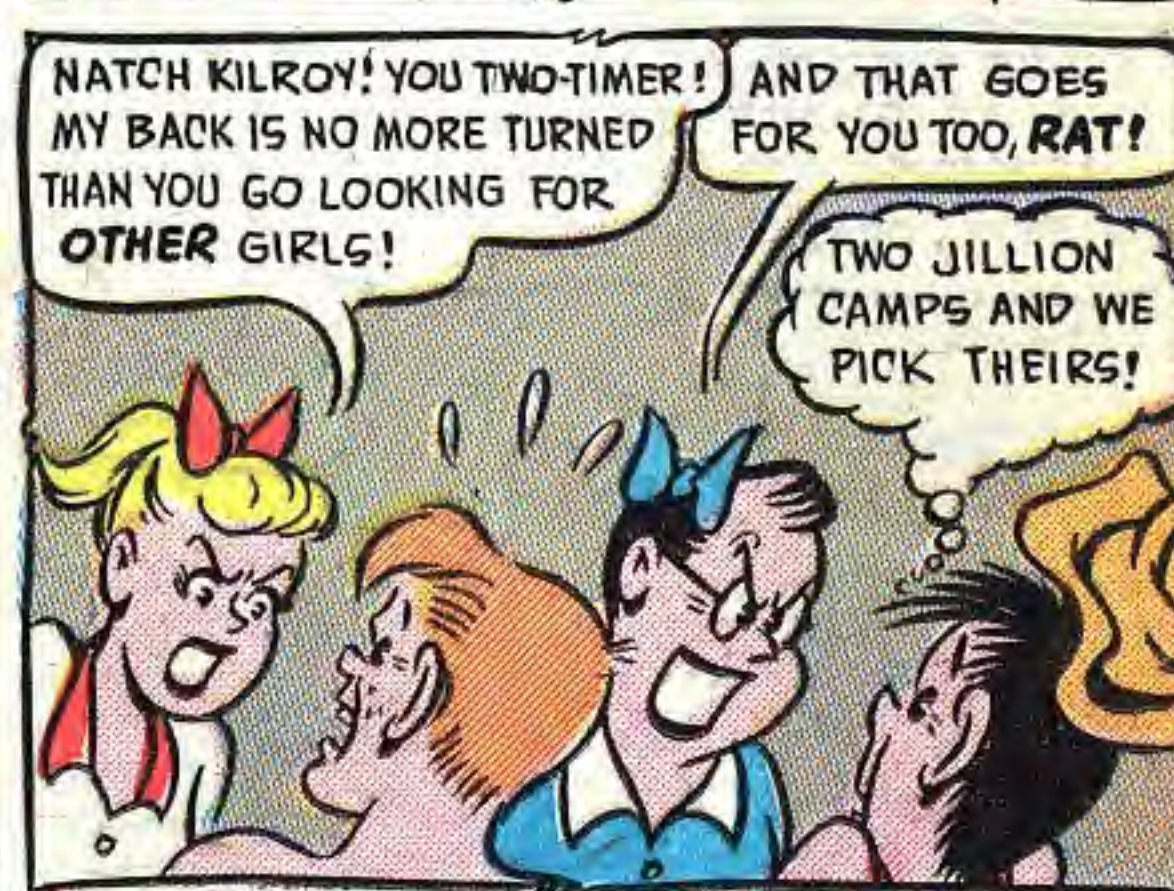
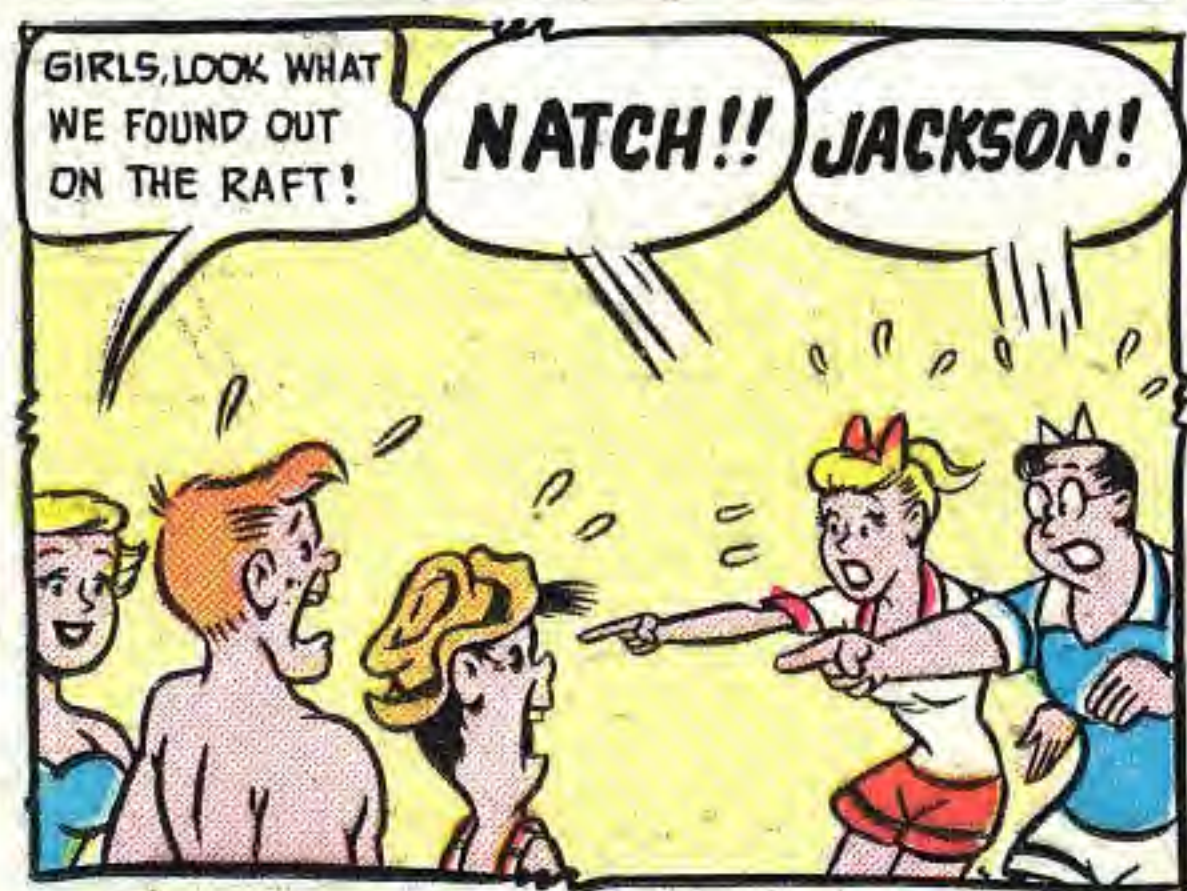
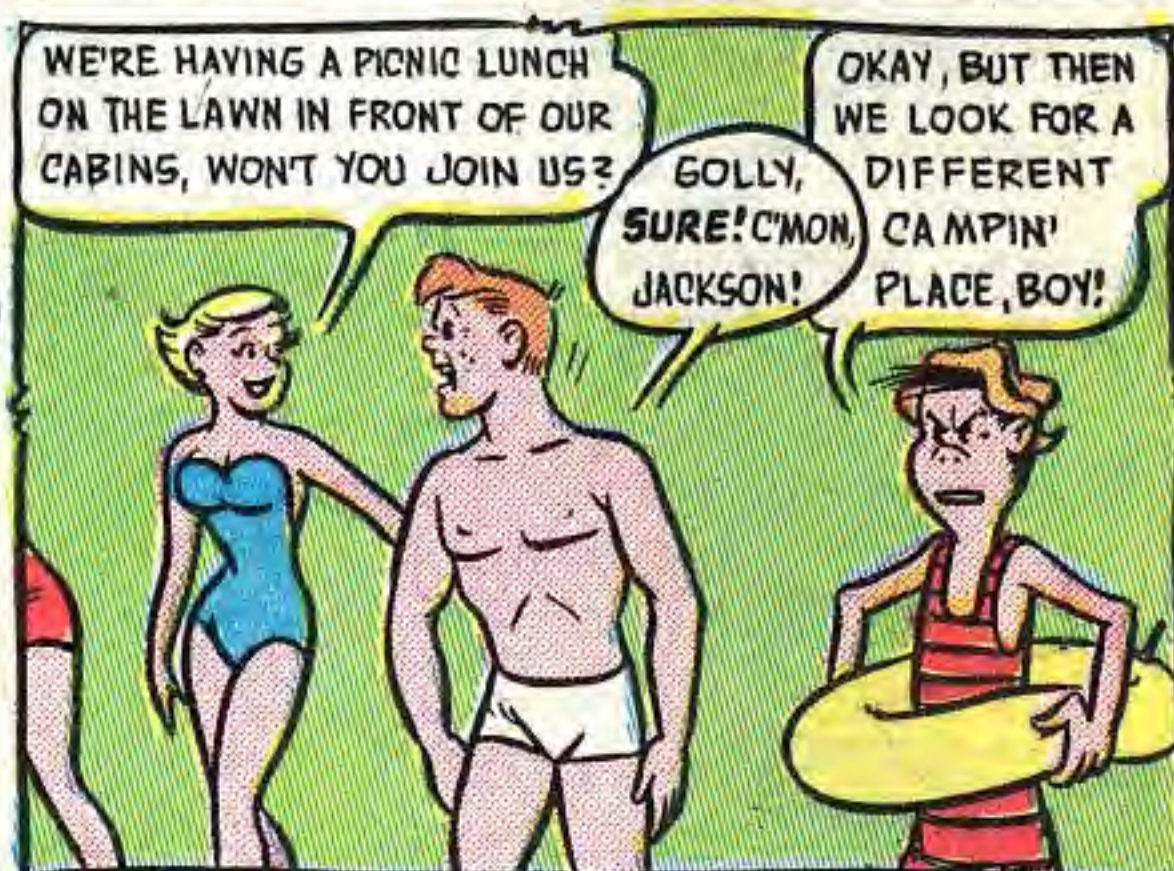
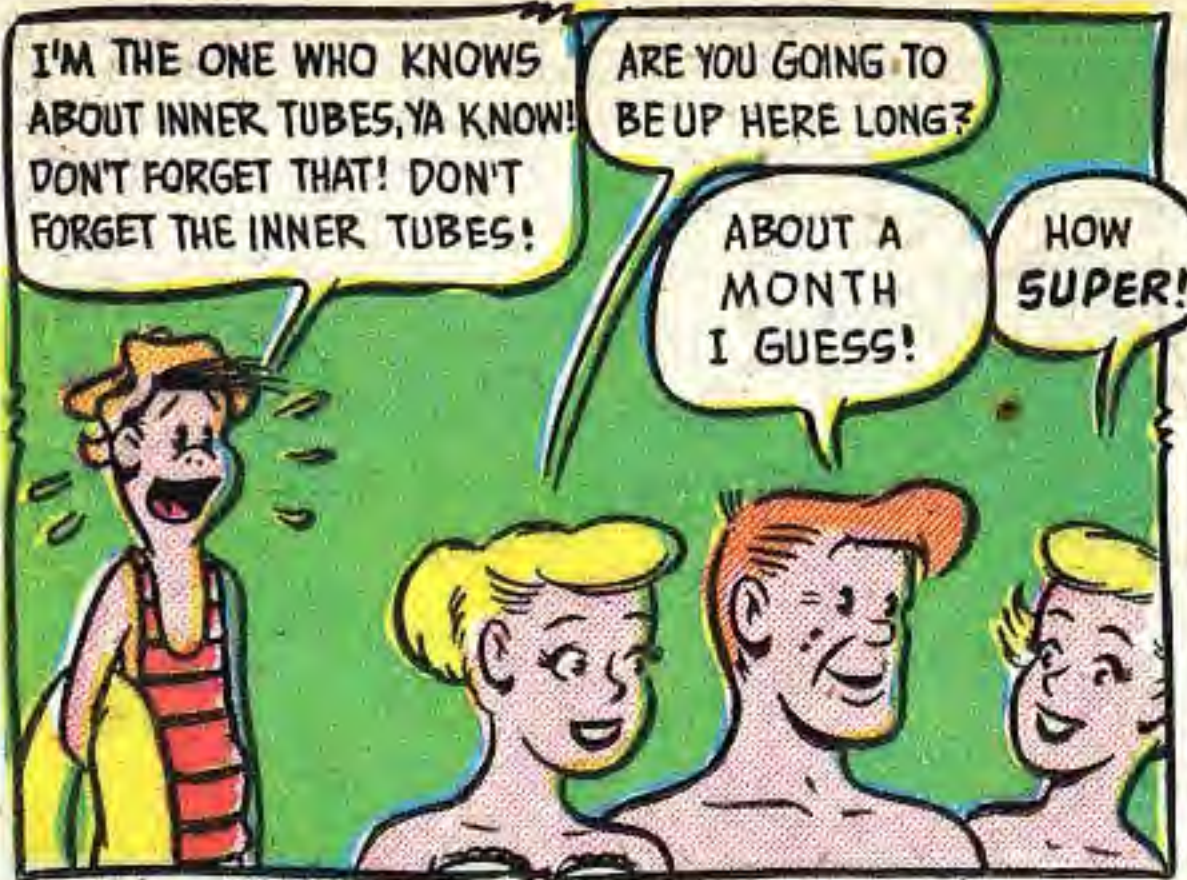
TWO HOURS LATER...

HEY, NATCH! HERE'S
A LAKE! LET'S STOP,
NATCH! C'MON, LET'S
CAMP, NATCH!

NOT YET! WE'RE JUST
GETTIN' INTO THE CAMP AREA!
BESIDES, WE WANTA GET A SPOT
CENTRALLY LOCATED!









I'M SCARED!
THIS REALLY
IS A TOUGH
NEIGHBORHOOD!

WE SHOULDN'T
HAVE TAKEN THIS
SHORT CUT
HOME -

WE'LL BE
OKAY IF WE
DON'T MEET ANY
TOUGH GUYS -



UH-OH! THERE'S
A TOUGH BUNCH
BEATING UP A
LITTLE KID!

LET'S
GET OUT
OF HERE!

WAIT! THIS CALLS FOR
DUBBLE BUBBLE
ACTION!

YOW!



BANG!



NEXT TIME I'LL
GIVE YOU A
BIGGER
BLAST!

NO MORE!
WE'LL BE
GOOD!

ATTABOY, PUD! FLEER
DUBBLE BUBBLE
DOES IT EVERY
TIME!

HERE'S SOME
DUBBLE BUBBLE
TO CHEER YOU
UP!



DUBBLE BUBBLE BLOWS
REAL BUBBLES!

I LOVE THAT SECRET
SWEET TASTE!

I GO FOR THE
FUNNIES, FACTS, AND
FORTUNES, TOO!

HAVE FUN WITH GUM!

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GIRL GETS BOY!

TO JANIE BLAINE, the phone call she was about to make was positively crucial! It was also very embarrassing, but she could not allow that element to stand between herself and her purpose. "I've simply got to meet Rupert Potter!" she said to herself. "And I know he's going to be at Angelica's party, because Angelica just happens to have an eye on him, herself!"

Although Rupert Potter was unaware of it, his arrival in town had caused quite a sensation among the girls of Middledale High School. For after seeing Rupert, the girls had decided that there was no doubt as to who would be voted the handsomest senior!

But getting to meet Rupert was a difficult matter, because he seemed to be rather shy and tended to disappear right after school, instead of making for the Soda Stop-Off, the way the other kids did. Then Angelica had such a bright idea, that Janie almost died of mortification at not having had it first! She would give a party and invite Rupert Potter to it! Simple!

"Very clever!" Janie thought bitterly. "Asking all of us to bring dates and making sure that that Rupert is already hers! And I haven't got a man to ask! I've got to get someone or I'll never meet Rupert!"

"Hello? Hello?" Janie started as she realized there was someone answering her phone call.

"Daddy, it's me," she said, "and I'm desperate!"

"What is it this time? Run in your stocking?"

"Daddy, that's not funny!" Janie said reproachfully. "I'm in the middle of a social catastrophe!"

"What can I do?" Her father sounded properly concerned, at last.

"You know the way you and mother are always saying I ought to meet Mr. Pringle's nephew or Mr. Hathaway's son or somebody belonging to the business you're in? Well, I need one of 'em tonight! I must have an escort to Angelica Marshall's party or I'll die of humiliation!"

"Calm yourself," Mr. Blaine said. "I'll find someone, I'm sure! Just get all dressed for the party and we'll have a gentleman calling for you at exactly eight o'clock tonight!"

"Oh, daddy, you're divine!" Janie breathed.

At five minutes of eight, Miss Janie Blaine, radiating charm and impatience, waited for the doorbell to ring. She had full confidence in her father's having found her a date, somewhere among the families of all the men at the office. She also had full confidence in her blue silk taffeta dress which was slightly off-shoulder.

The doorbell rang.

Assuming a look of ultra-sophistication, Janie called to her mother, "I'll get it, mums," and went to the door. Her eyes were narrowed, her eyebrows raised in the best style, as shown by fashion models in the slickest magazines. Her right hand, stretched out in languid greeting, was simply the essence of poise.

Then, as she took one look at her caller, her eyes flew open and so did her mouth. Her languid hand grew rigid as she pointed at the handsome young man who stood on the front doorstep.

"You!" she gasped. "R...Rupert Potter!"

"My dad told me that your dad told him...I mean...I didn't have a date either, so...is it all right?"

"Is it!" smiled Janie.

The KILROYS

in
"BYE, BYE, BONDS!"

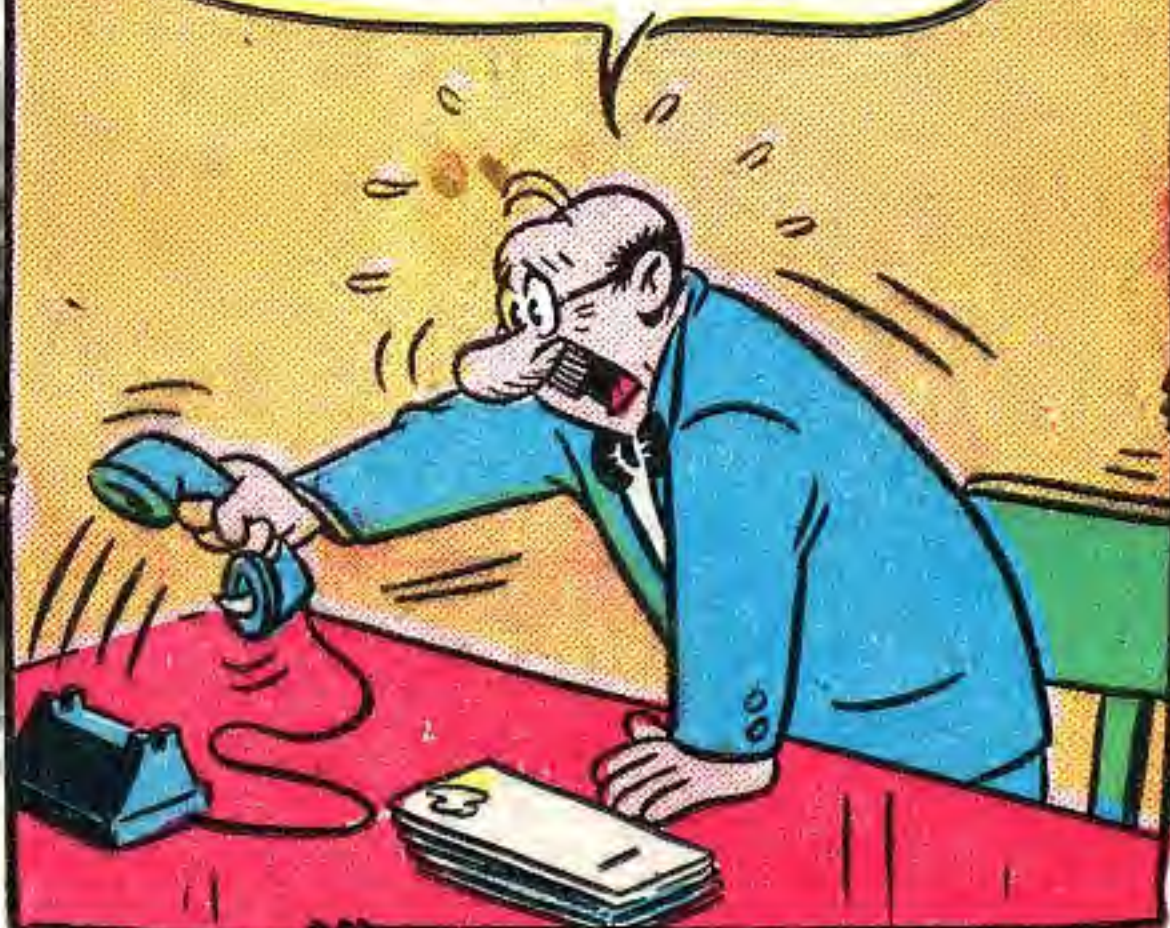
YE GODS...HERE ARE THE MORTINSON BONDS! I FORGOT TO MAIL THEM AND THEY'RE DUE ON THE COAST THE 15TH...WHICH IS TOMORROW!

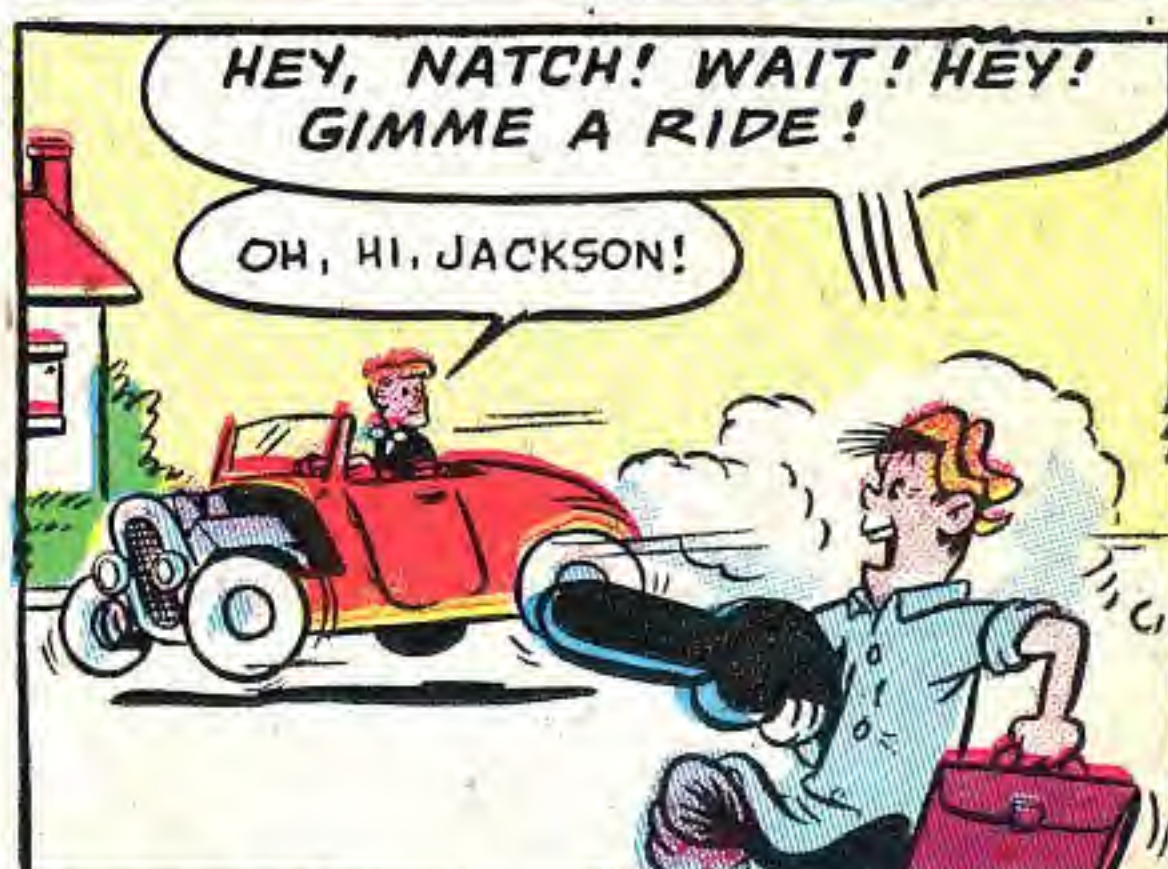
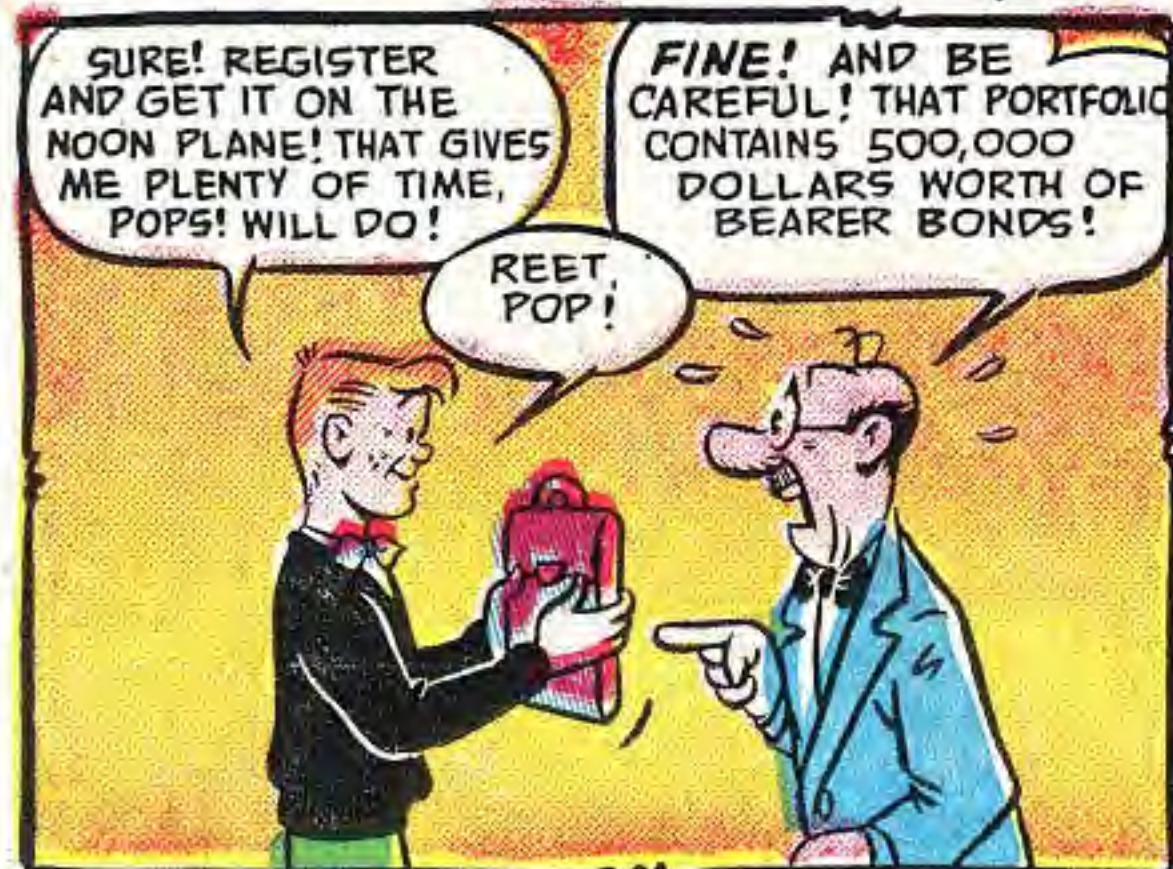
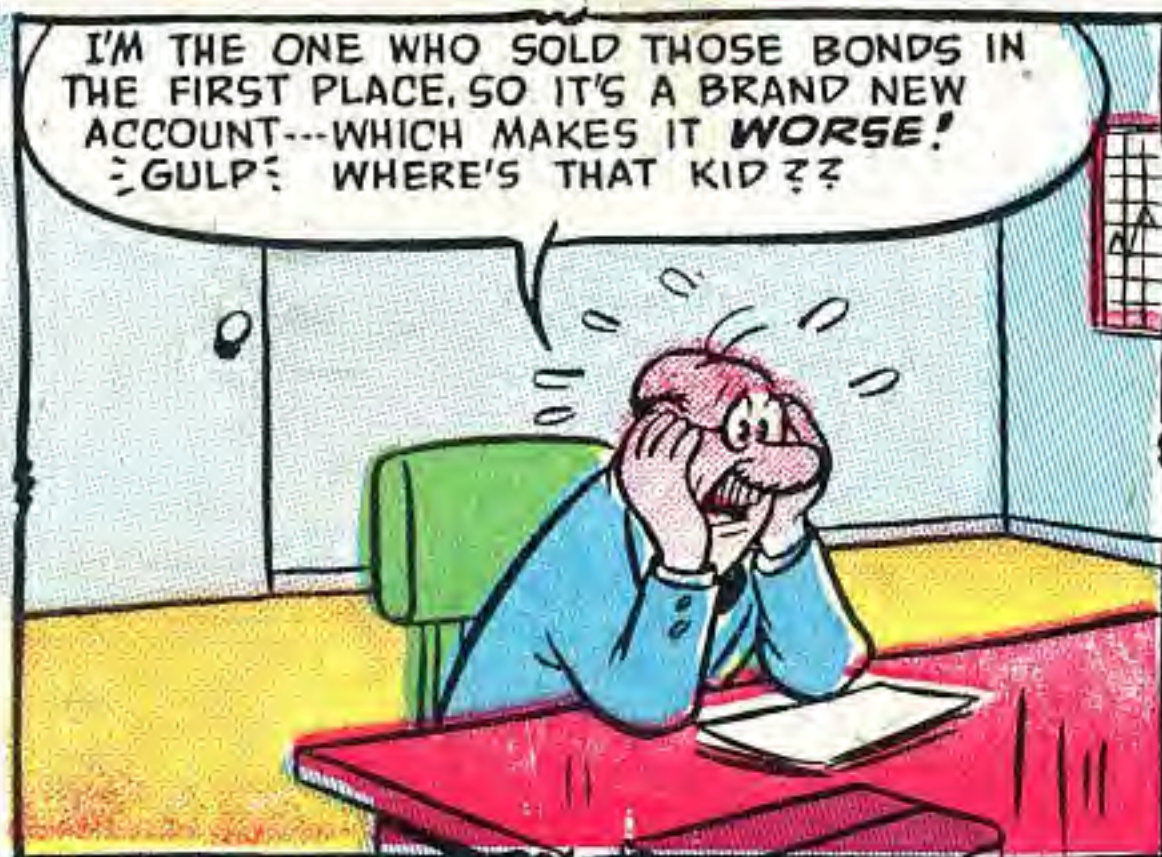


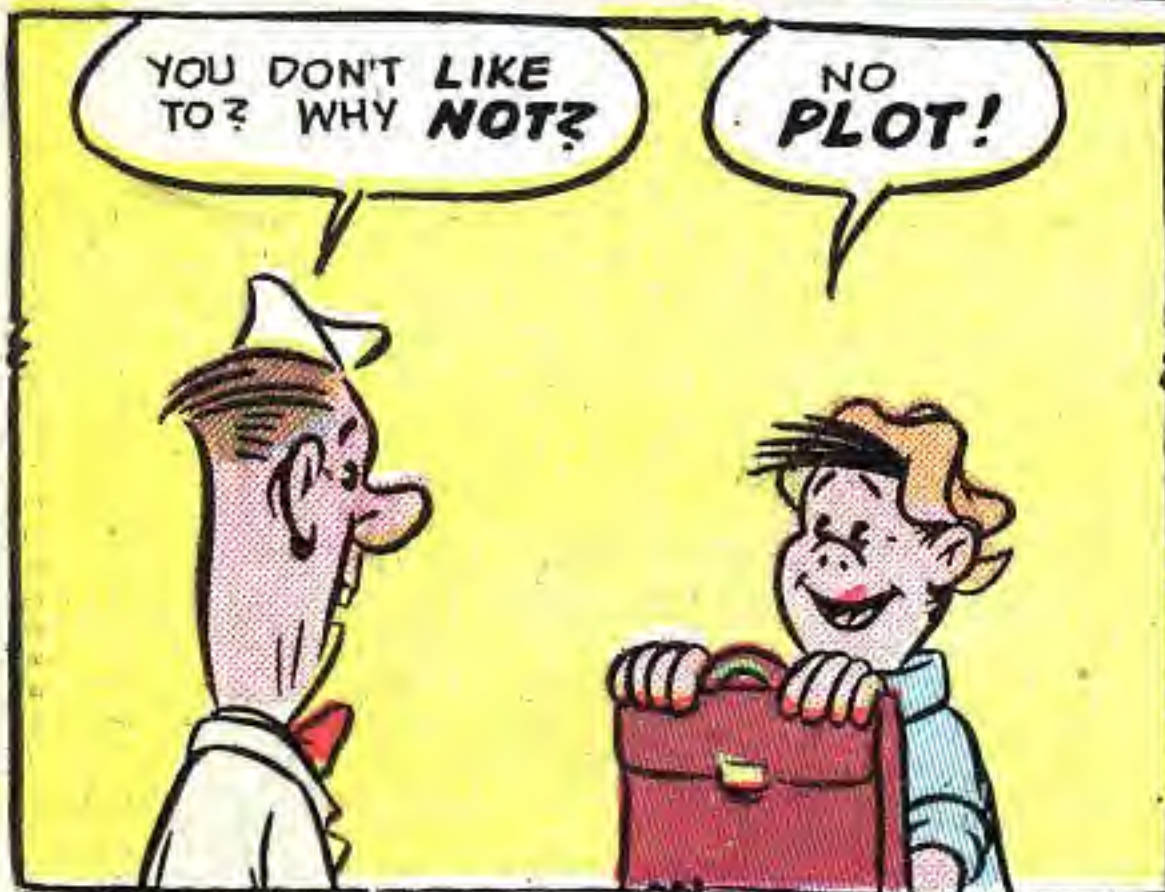
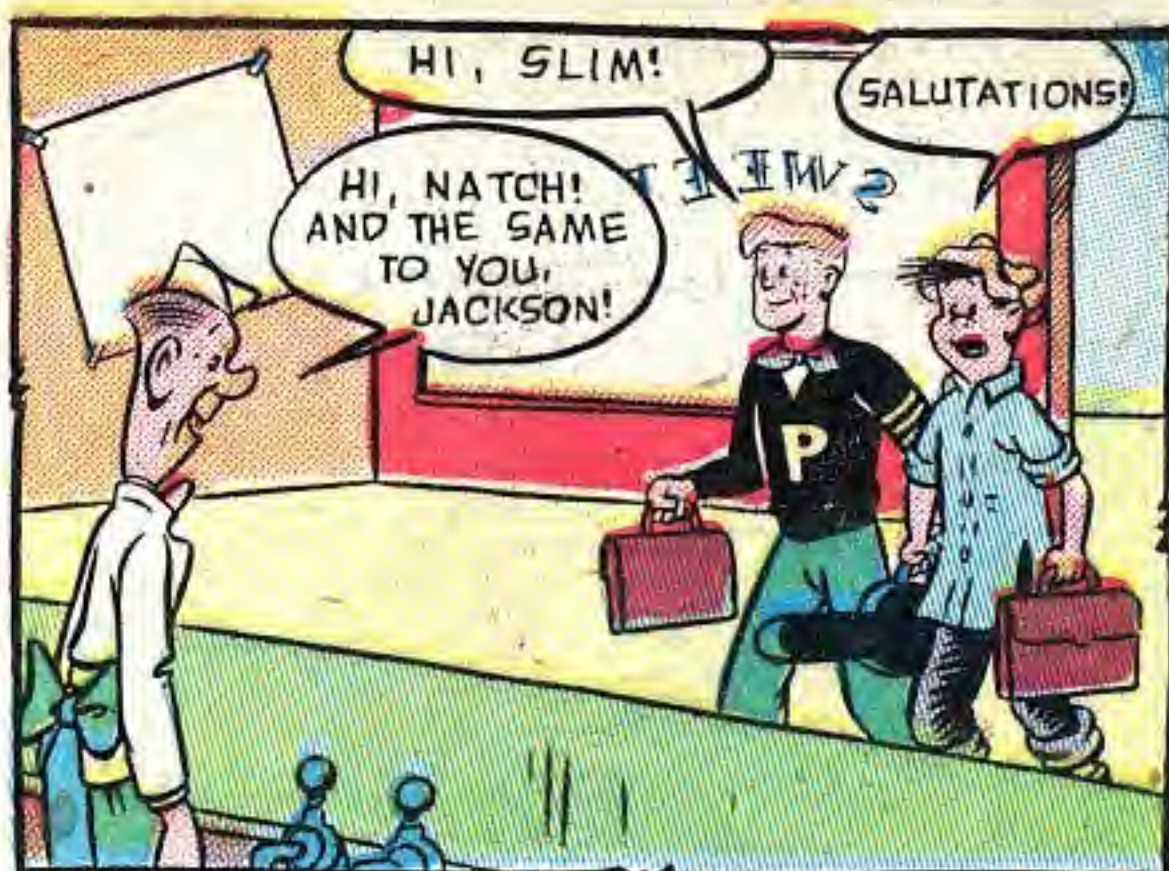
IF THEY DON'T GET THERE J.P. WILL FIRE ME! THIS SALE WAS CONTINGENT ON THESE ARRIVING TOMORROW AND IT'LL MEAN A LOST SALE OF HALF A MILLION!

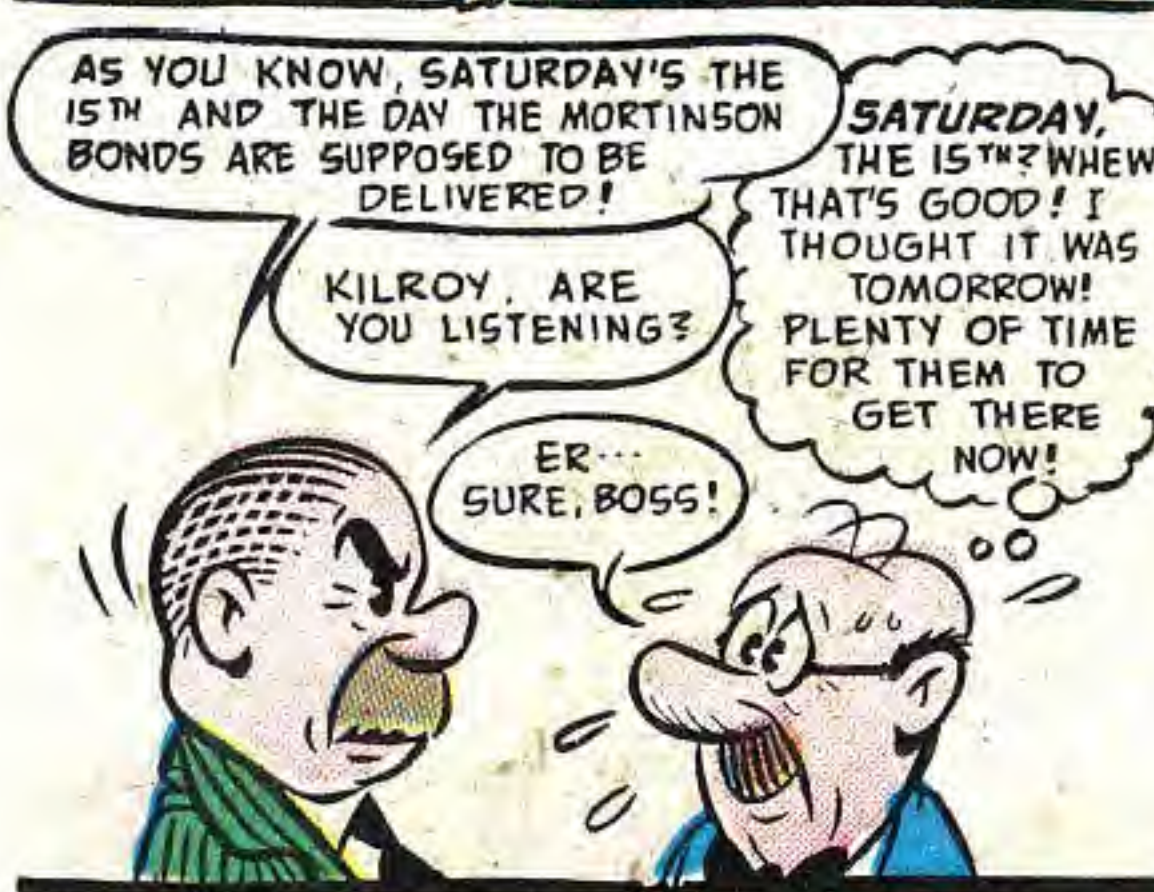
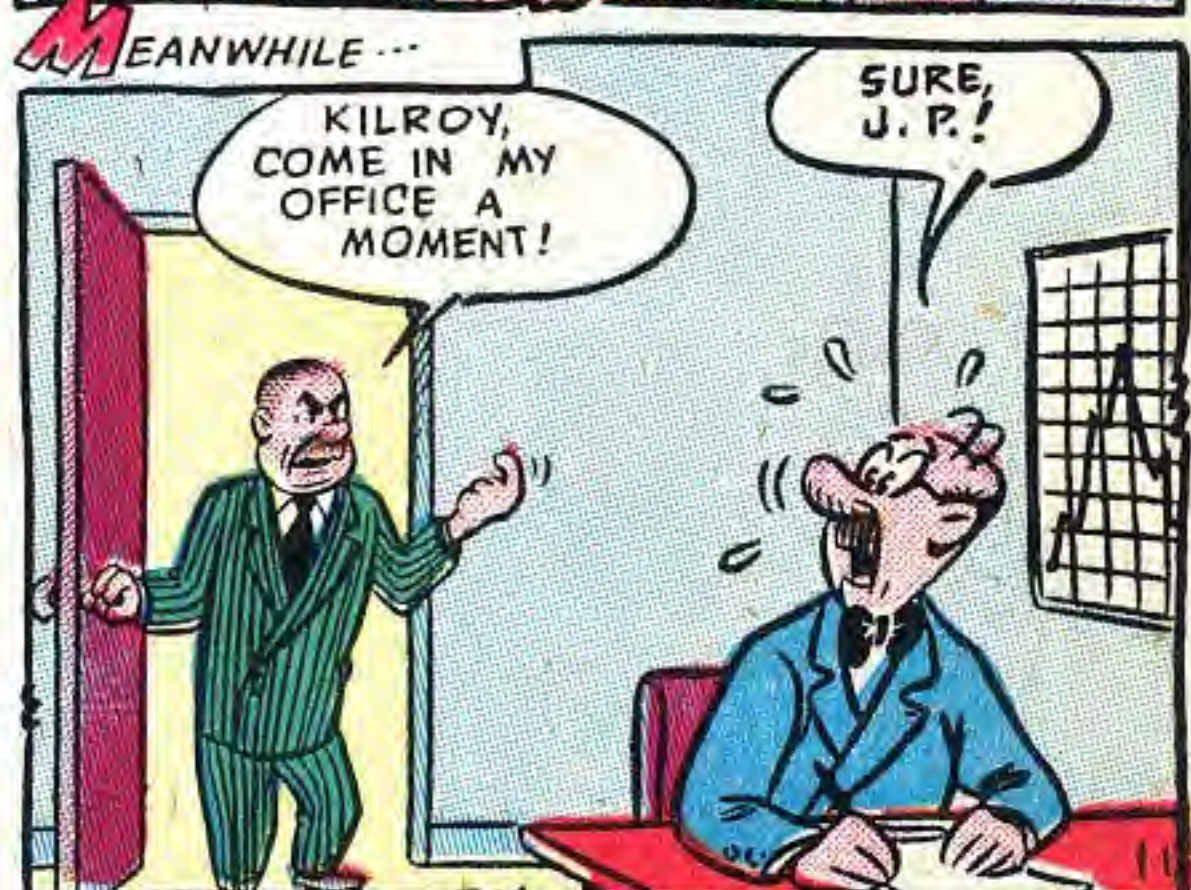
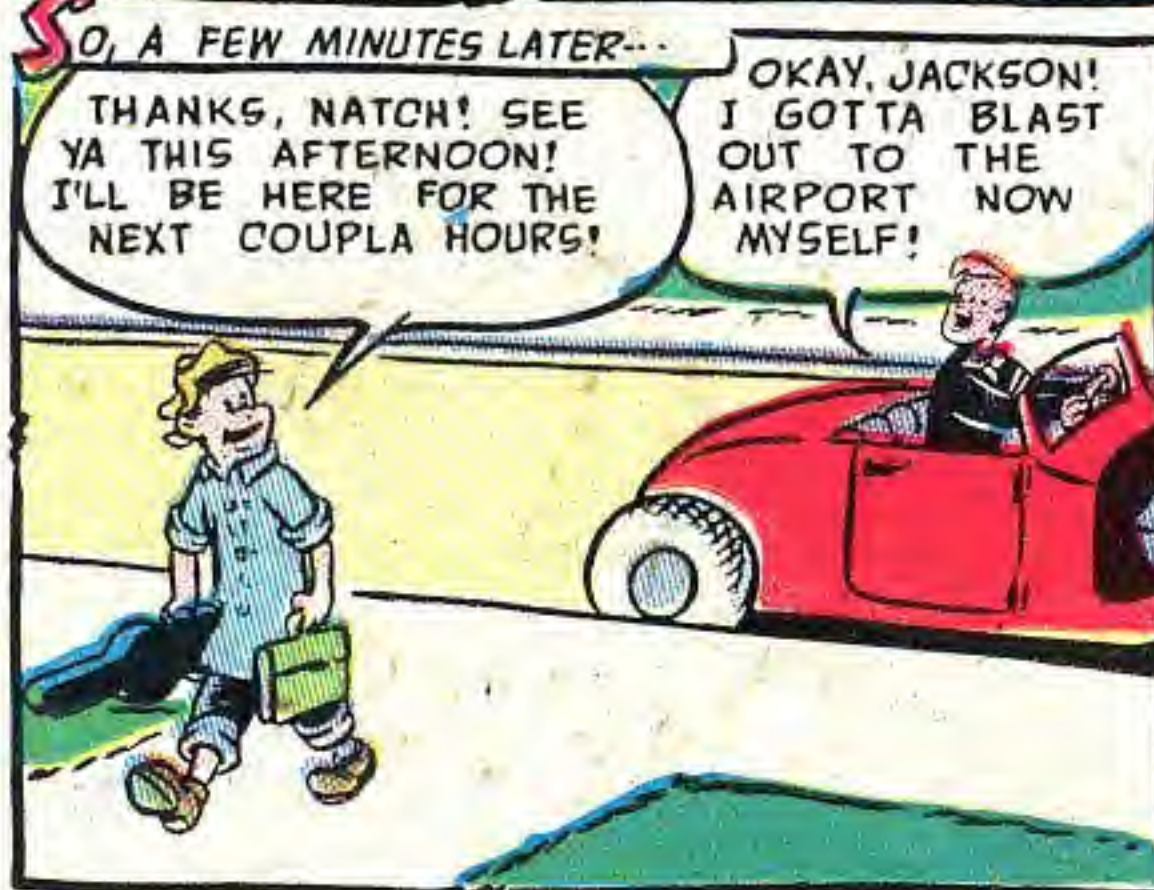
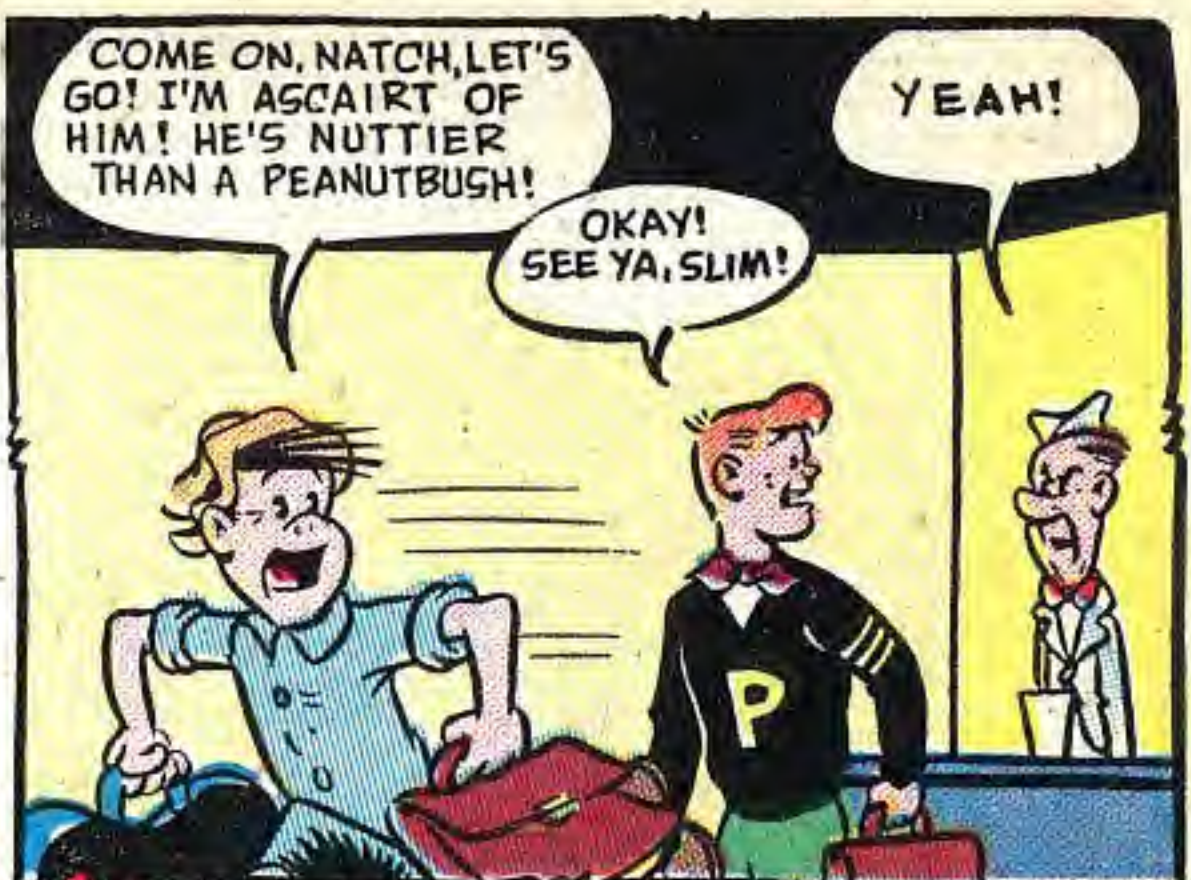


I'VE GOT IT! I'LL CALL HOME AND GET NATCH TO TAKE THEM DIRECTLY TO THE AIRPORT FOR ME!





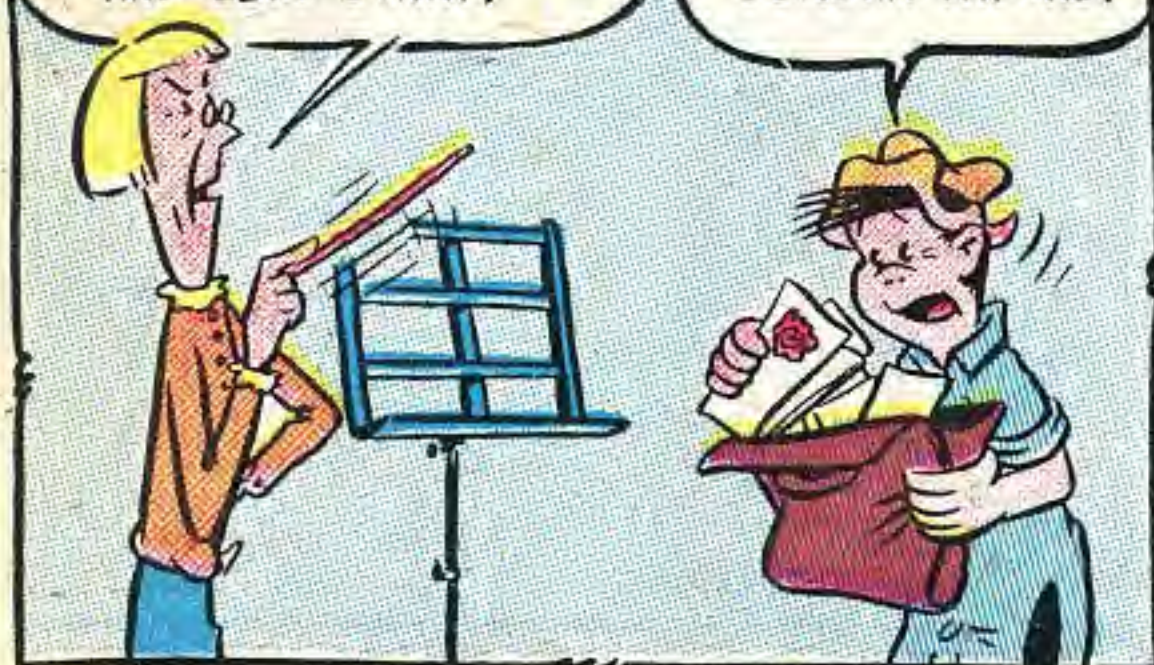




AT THAT MOMENT---

ALL RIGHT, JACKSON! PUT YOUR MUSIC ON THE STAND AND LET'S START!

YES'M!--- HEY! THIS ISN'T MY MUSIC, IT'S JUST A BUNCH A PAPERS!



JUST A BUNCH OF PAPERS, EH? YOUNG MAN, YOU **DELIBERATELY** STUFFED PAPER IN THERE INSTEAD OF YOUR MUSIC SO YOU COULD GET OUT OF YOUR LESSON!

HOLY COW! NO, I DIDN'T! I PUT IT IN HERE SOMEPLACE!



YOU CAN QUIT PRETENDING, YOUNG MAN! JUST THROW THE PAPER IN THE WASTE BASKET AND LEAVE! NEXT TIME REMEMBER YOUR MUSIC!

YES'M! BUT GEE WHIZ! GULP! I DON'T GET IT!



A FEW MINUTES LATER---

HOLY COW, WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE? I JUST GOT BACK FROM THE AIRPORT AND YOU SAID YOU'D BE GONE A COUPLA HOURS!

I KNOW, BUT SOMETHIN' FUNNY HAPPENED! WHEN I OPENED MY PORTFOLIO I DIDN'T HAVE MY MUSIC, JUST A BUNCH A PAPERS THAT LOOKED LIKE **SOAP COUPONS!**



MEANWHILE---

WHAT?? HOLY JUMPIN' CATFISH! JACKSON, WE MUSTA GOT OUR PORTFOLIOS **MIXED!** I SENT YOUR MUSIC TO CALIFORNIA AND THOSE PAPERS ARE BONDS WORTH A **FORTUNE!**

GIMME 'EM QUICK!!

JEEPERS! I HAVEN'T GOT 'EM! THEY'RE IN MISS JONES' WASTE BASKET!



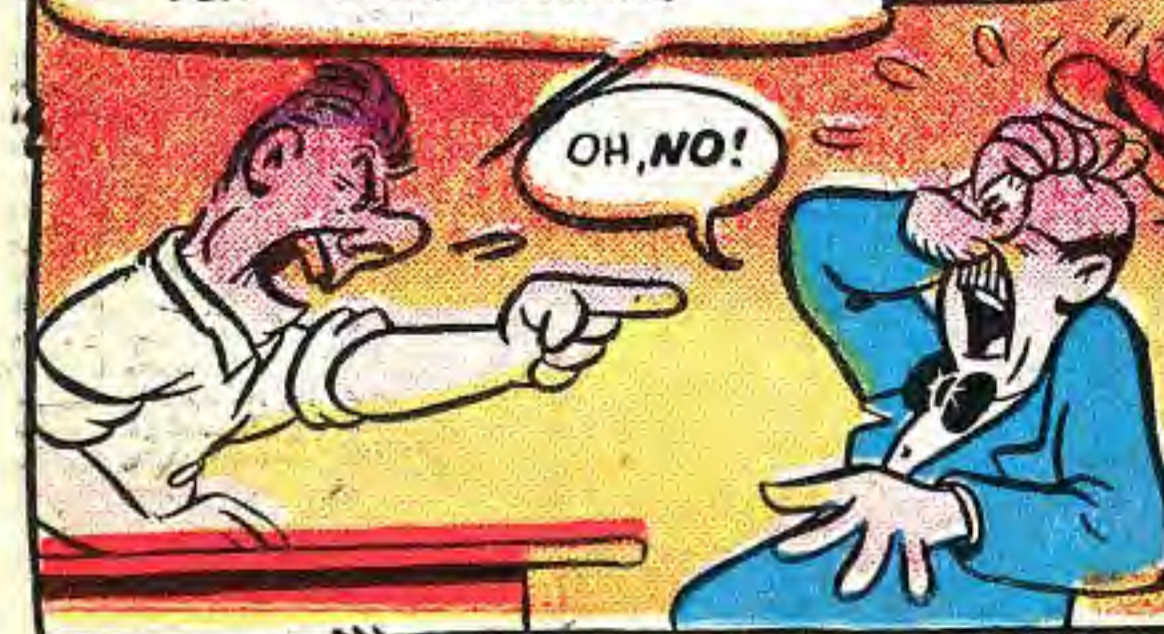
THAT'S RIGHT, A YOUNG MAN DID REGISTER A PORTFOLIO ADDRESSED TO MORTINSON AND COMPANY!

WELL, GIVE IT TO ME! DON'T JUST STAND THERE! **HAND IT OVER!**



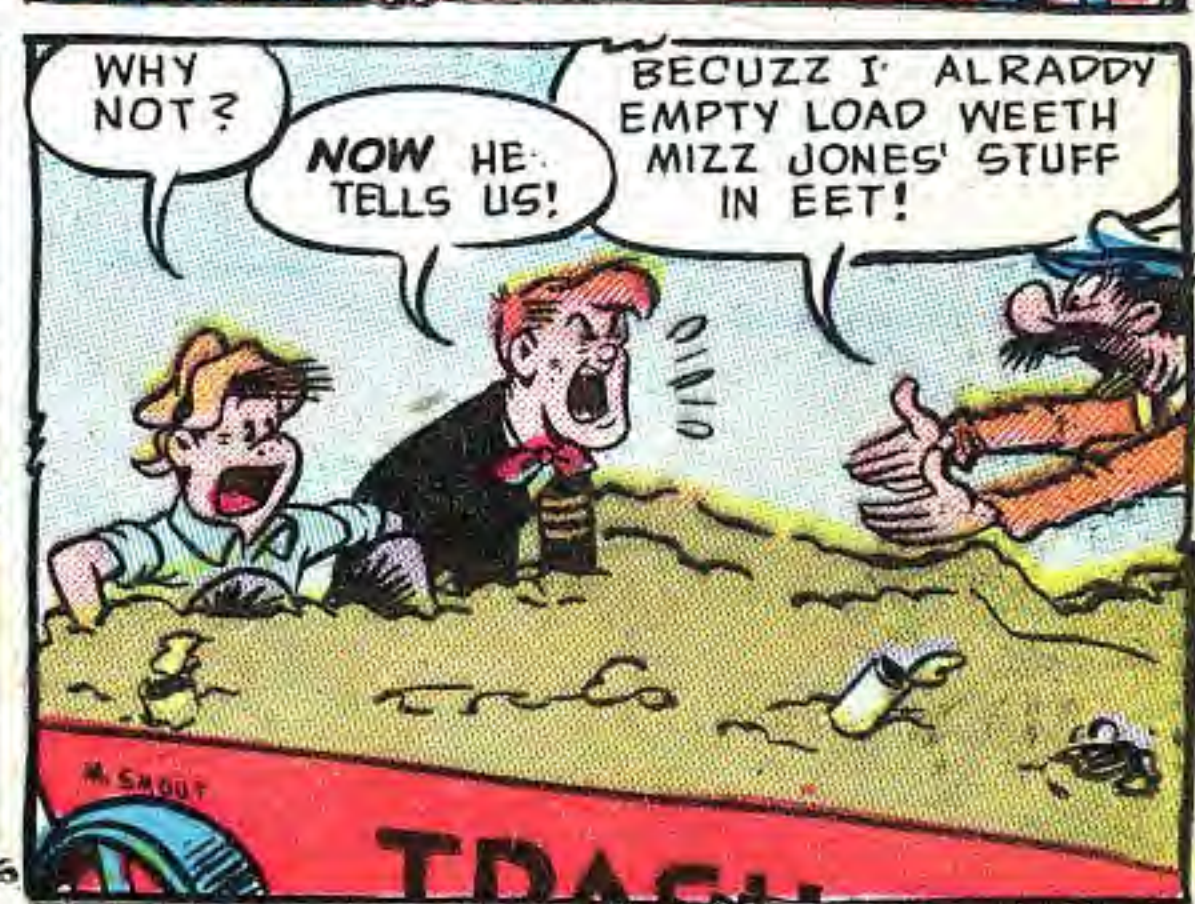
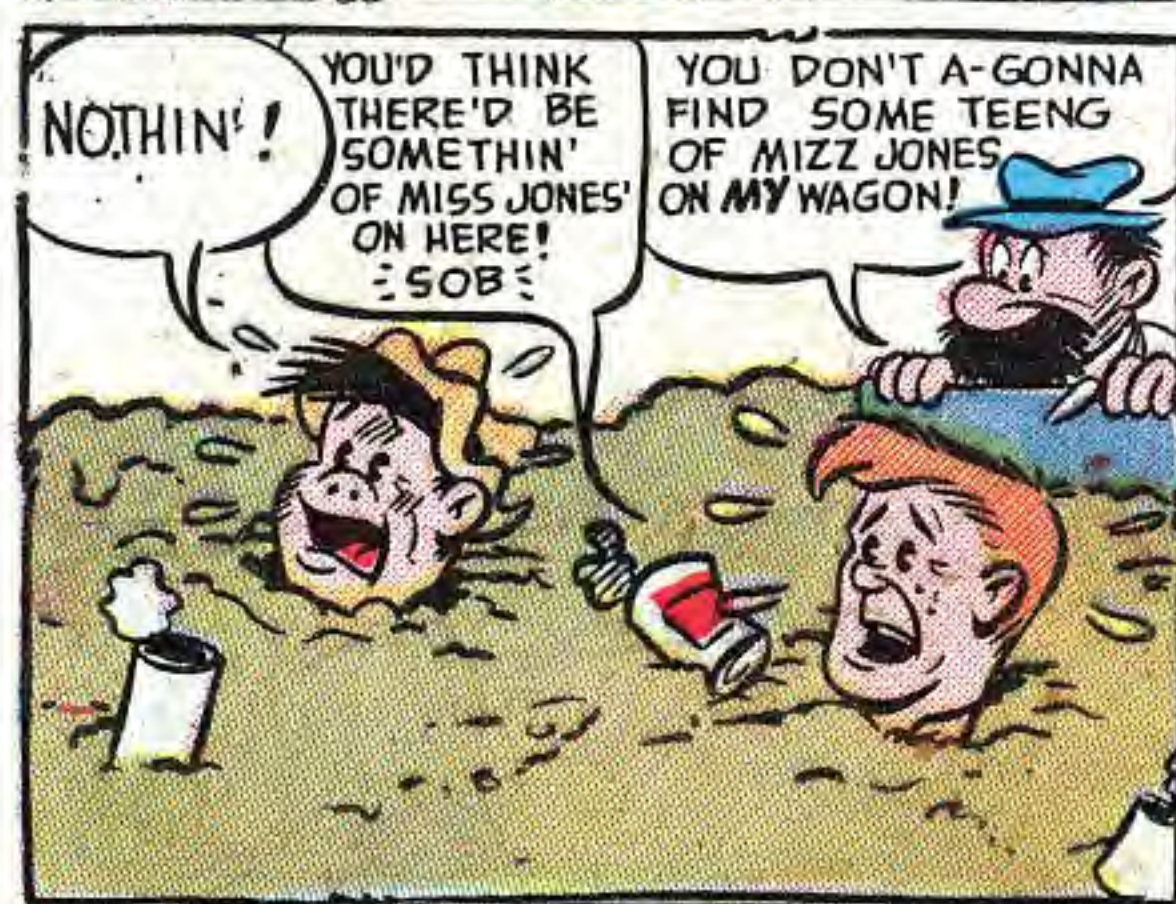
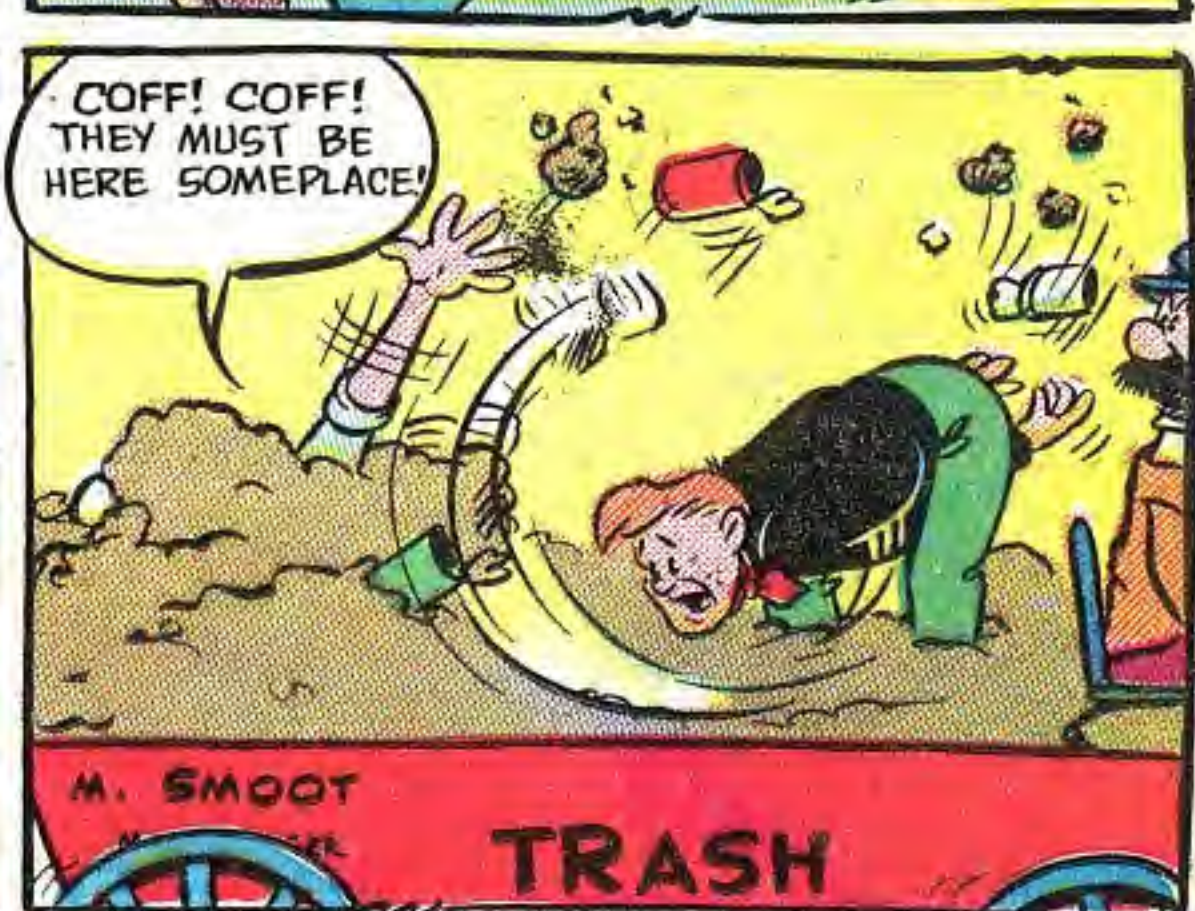
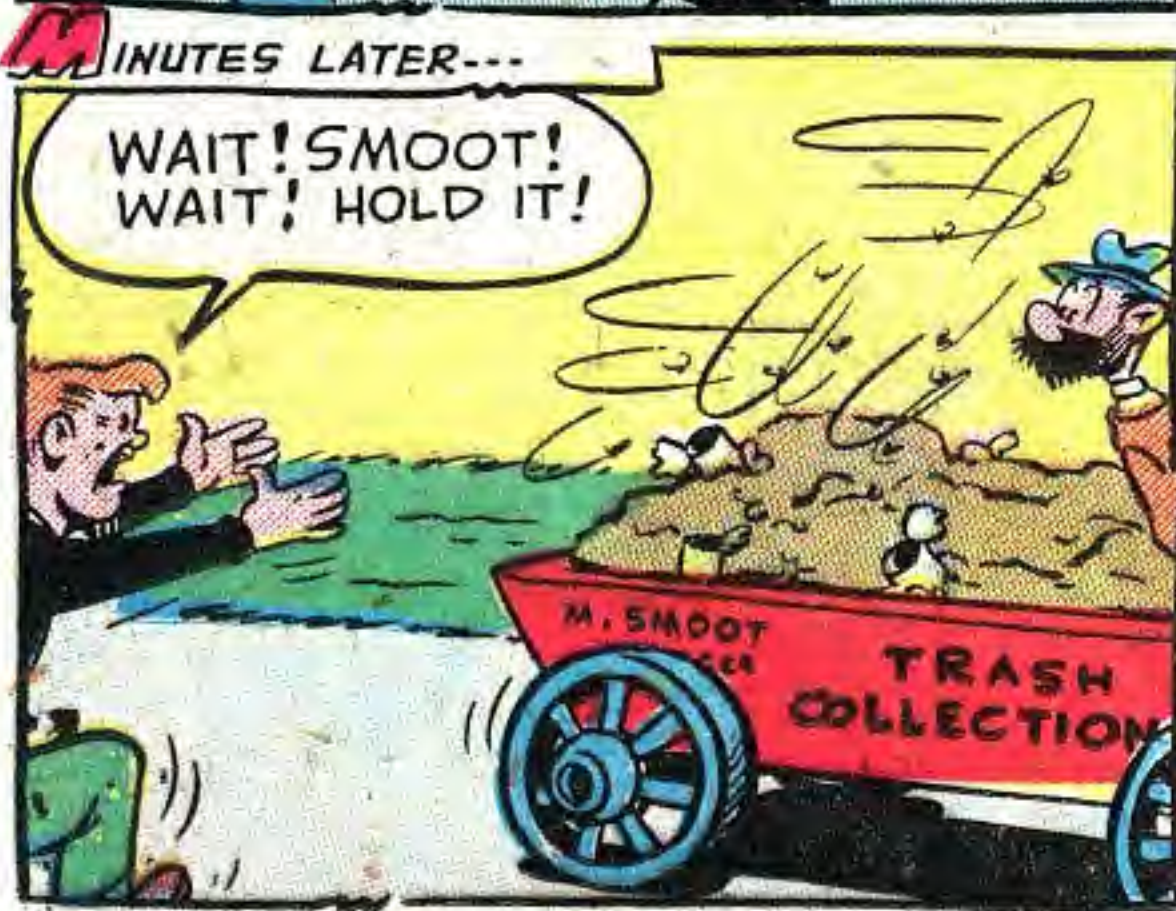
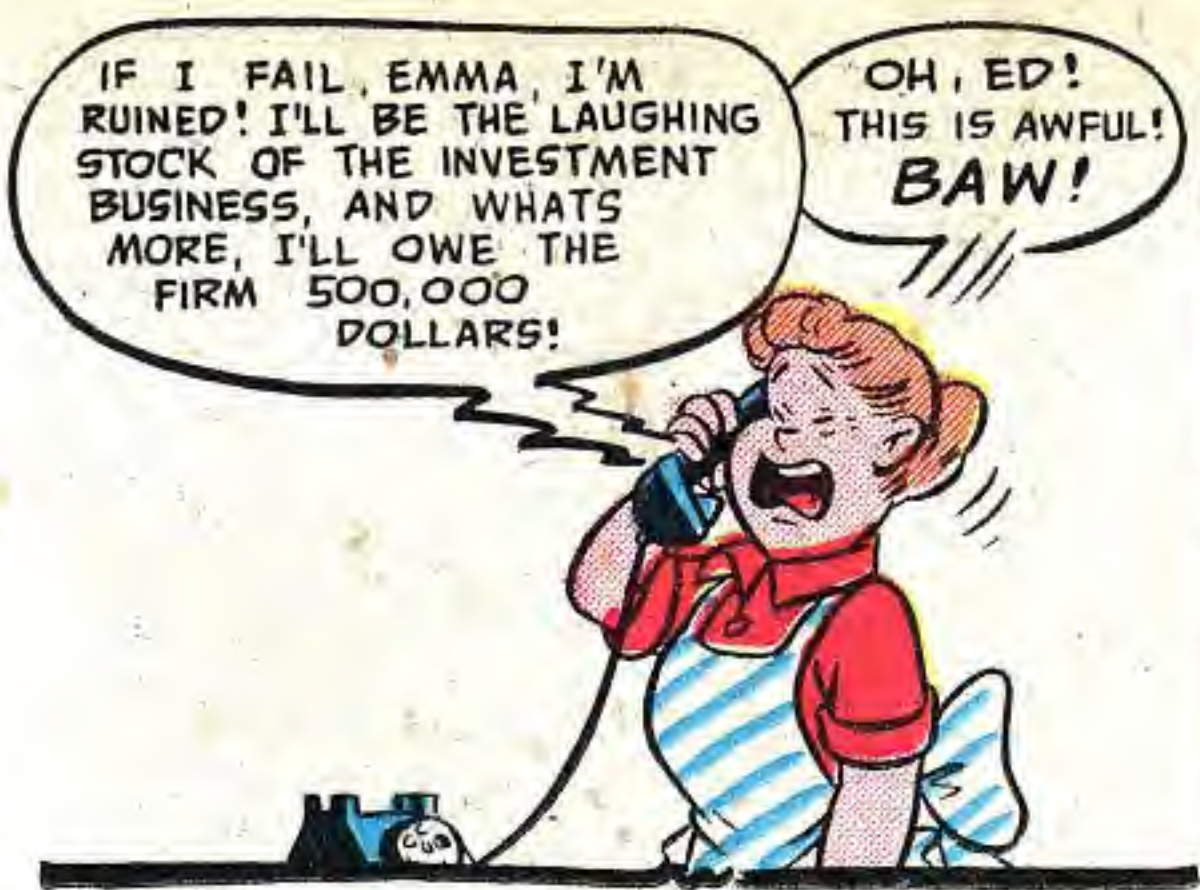
LISTEN, BUSTER! THE U.S. POST OFFICE DOESN'T HAND OVER REGISTERED PARCELS, AND EVEN IF WE DID, YOU COULDN'T GET IT! IT'S JUST LEFT ON RUNWAY TO FOR CALIFORNIA!

OH, NO!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO! GRAB THE NEXT PLANE AND GET THE POLICE OUT THERE TO ARREST THE MORTINSON PEOPLE BEFORE THEY GET THE BONDS! I MAY BE TOO LATE BUT IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE! I'LL CALL EMMA AND TELL HER THE WHOLE SET-UP!





TWO HOURS LATER...

IT'S NO USE, JACKSON!
WE'LL NEVER FIND
THEM NOW! THIS
DUMPS TOO BIG!
WE'RE SUNK!

**NATCH!
I'VE
GOT 'EM!**



AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

ARREST THAT MAN! GOOD
THING THAT PORTFOLIO
HAD TO GO THRU THE
POST OFFICE! ... WE GOT
HERE AS SOON AS IT DID!

AWRIGHT! HAND
OVER THOSE
BONDS! WE'VE
CAUGHT YOU
WITH THE
EVIDENCE!

ULP!



HIS WIFE JUST CALLED HEAD-
QUARTERS AND SAID THE BONDS
WERE AT HOME! KILROY OBVIOUS-
LY USED THE PORTFOLIO WITH
MUSIC IN IT AS A DUMMY! NAT-
URALLY --- HE COULDN'T RISK
THOSE BONDS TO CATCH THE
CROOKS! --- RIGHT, KILROY?

HM? EH?
YEAH!!
GUESS SO!
SURE!
YEAH!



AND SO...

KILROY, YOU NOT ONLY DID **ME**
A FAVOR BY GOING OUT OF YOUR
WAY TO GET THOSE MEN, BUT
ALL THE OTHER FIRMS IN THE
COUNTRY! A MAN WITH YOUR
FORTITUDE AND BRILLIANT THINK-
ING DESERVES TO BE MY
PARTNER! HEH-HEH!

IT WAS
NOTHING, BOSS!
ALL I AM
I OWE TO
MY FAMILY!



SO... GULP! MOM, I GOTTA
TELL YA SOMETHIN'! POP
GAVE ME THESE BONDS
TO MAIL TO THE COAST BUT
BY ACCIDENT I MAILED
JACKSON'S MUSIC PORTFOLIO
INSTEAD, SO... WELL... DO
YA THINK IT'D BE ALL RIGHT
IF I MAILED 'EM NOW?

**WHAT??
GOOD GRIEF!**
YOUR FATHER IS
CHASING A MUSIC
PORTFOLIO ALL THE WAY
TO CALIFORNIA! I
MUST CALL THE
POLICE DEPARTMENT
THERE!



WOT TH!?
THESE AREN'T
BONDS, THEY'RE
SHEETS
OF MUSIC!

**MUSIC?
MUSIC?**

KILROY,
YOU'VE JUST MADE A
FOOL OUT OF THIS
POLICE FORCE!

NO HE **HASN'T**,
LIEUTENANT!
HE'S BEEN
VERY **BRILLIANT**
ON THIS
WHOLE
THING!



TWO HOURS LATER...

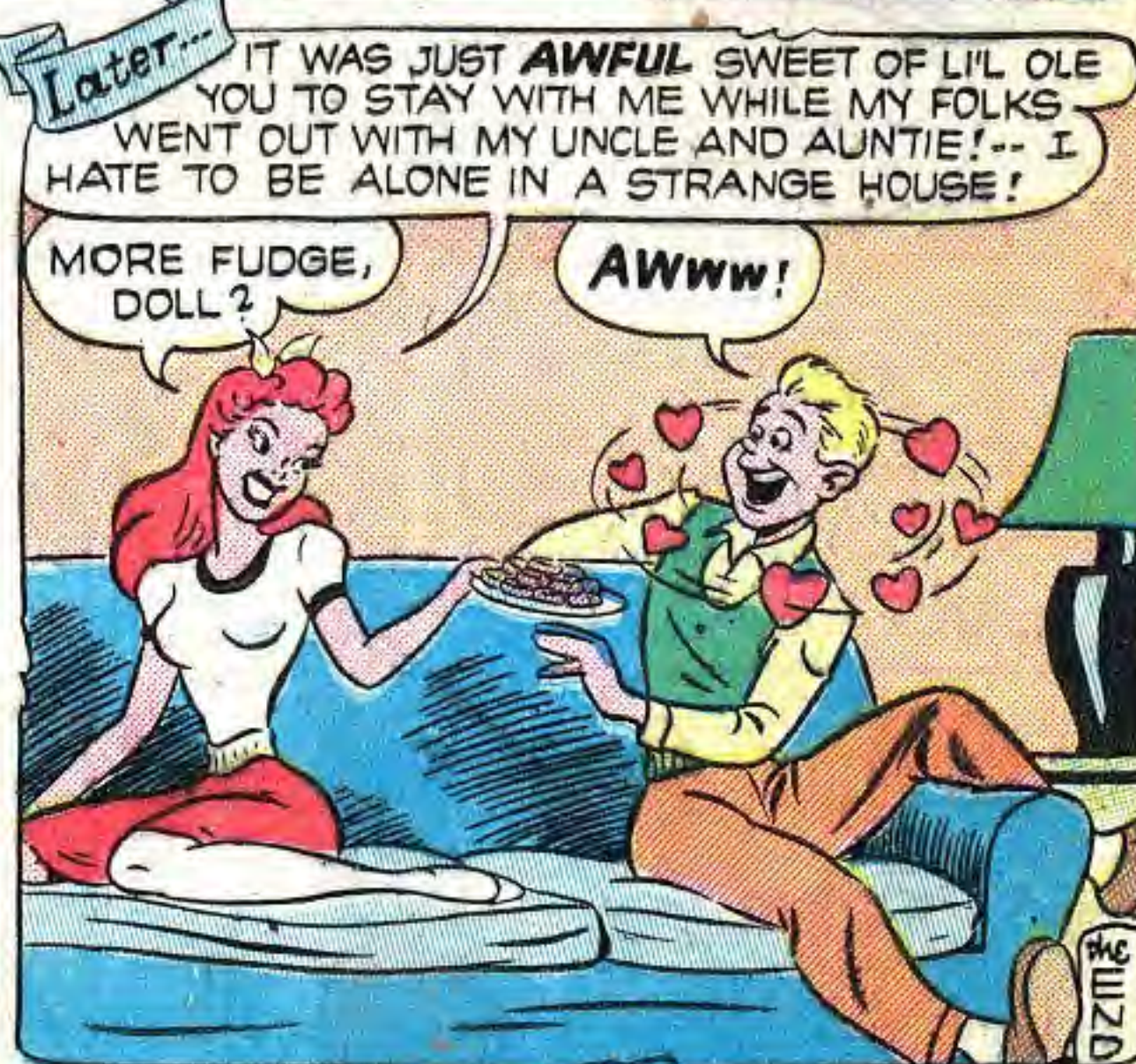
WELL,
I'LL BE...



AND THEIR FRIENDS
WHO TAKE
MUSIC LESSONS!

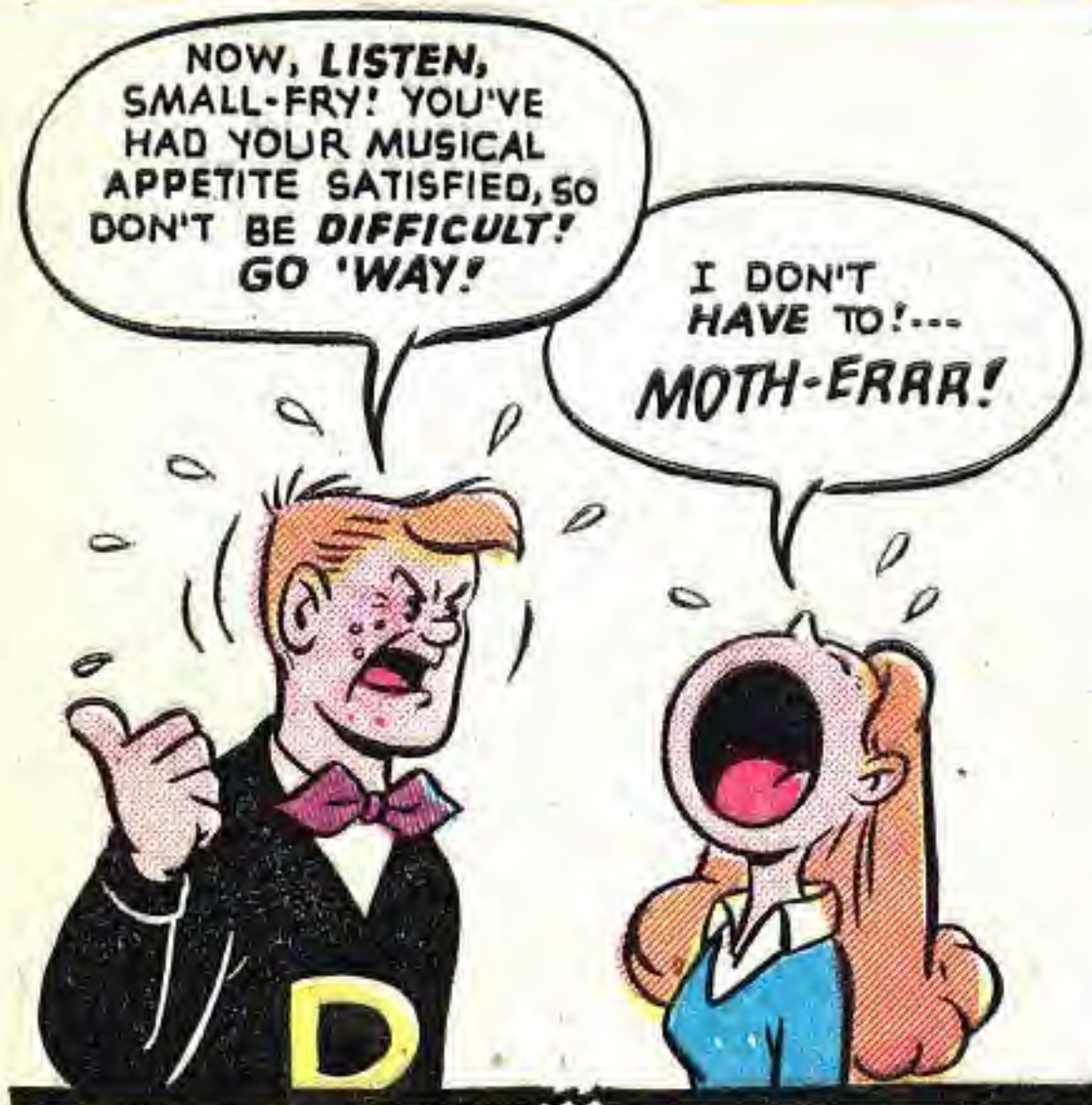
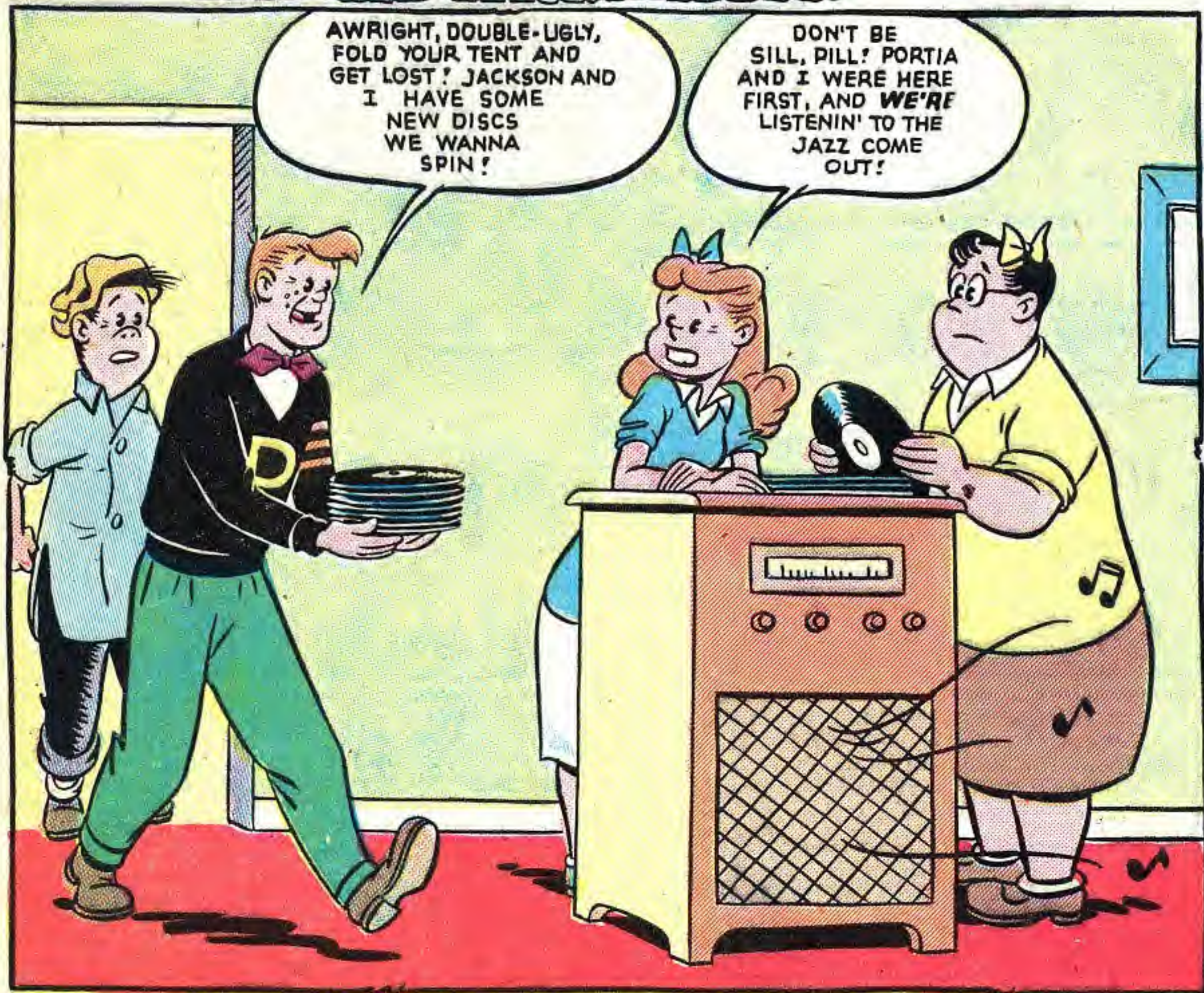
ER - C'MON
JACKSON!
LET'S BLAST
DOWN TO
THE SWEET-
TOOTH!

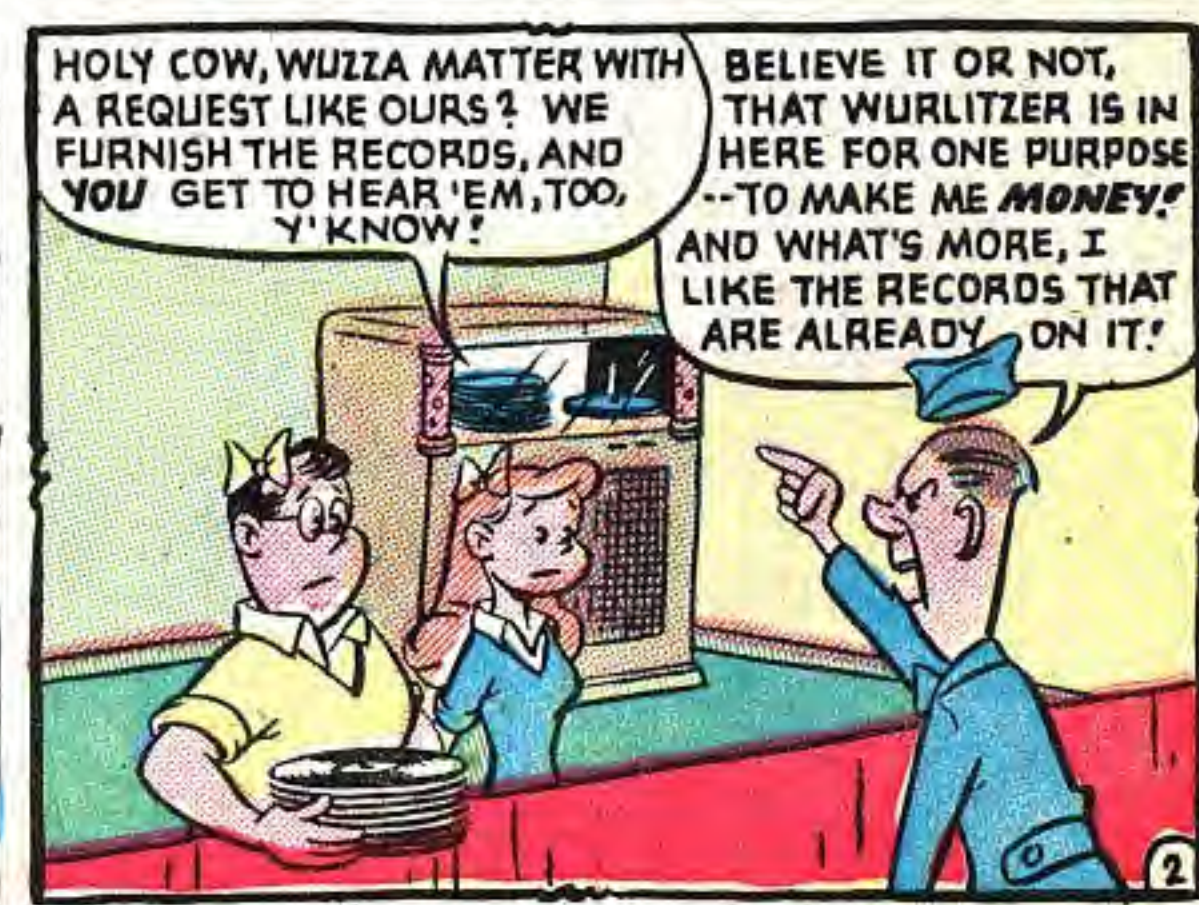
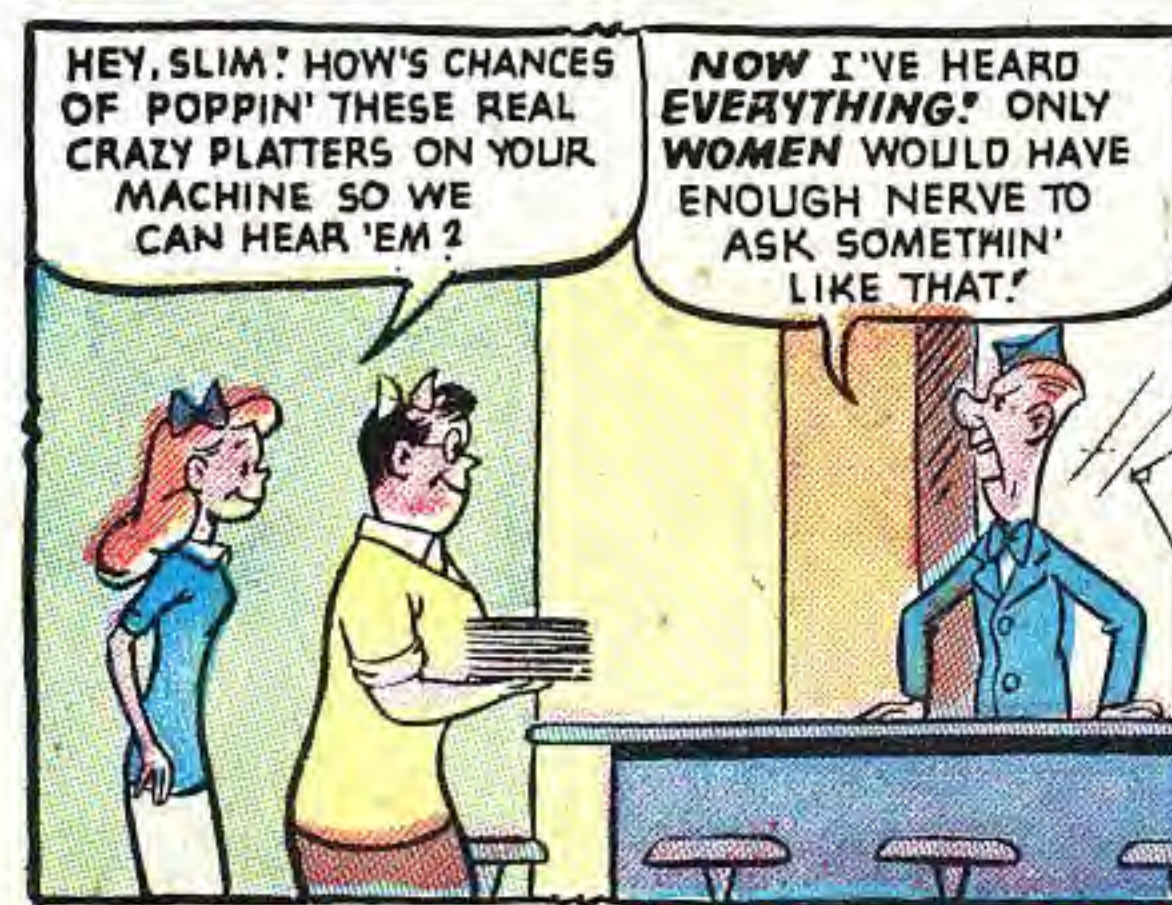
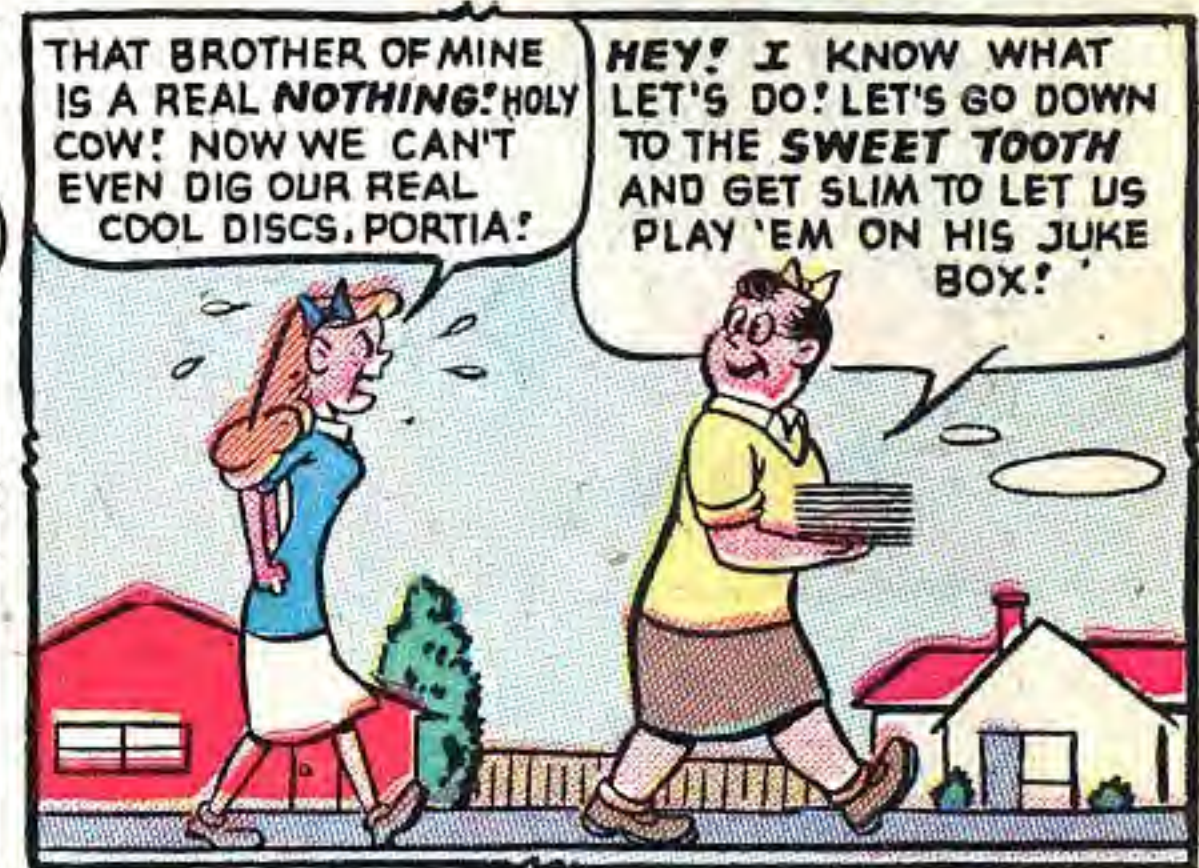
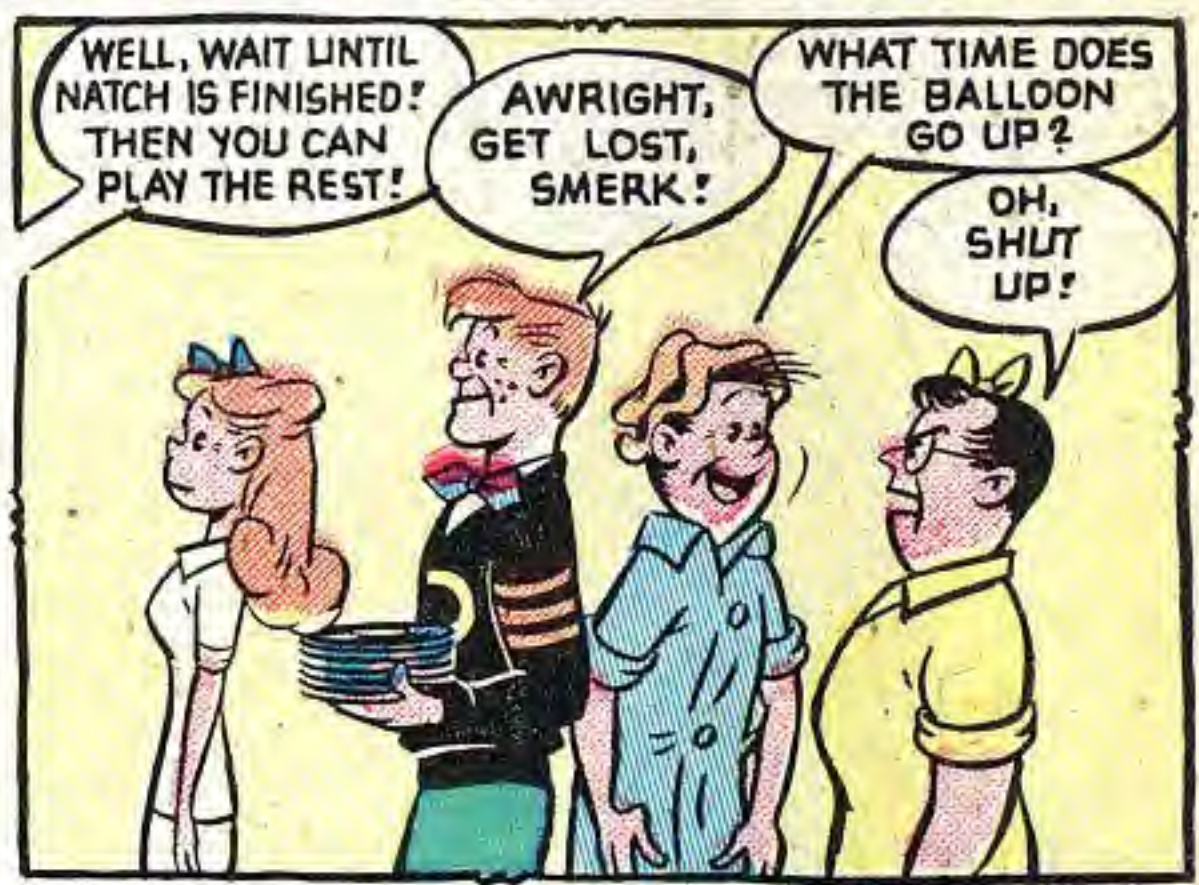
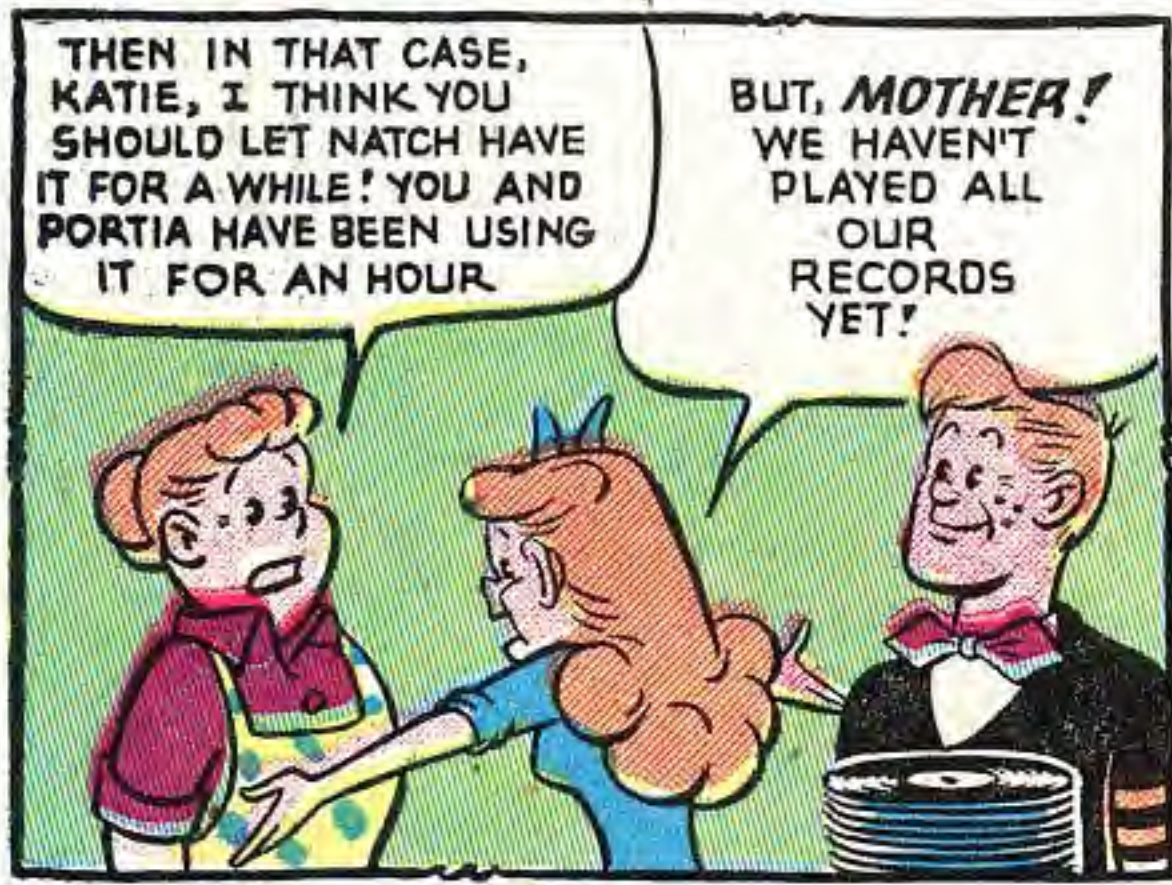




Katie Kilroy

in "THE BIG PROMOTION!"







ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! COOL OFF! DON'T POP YOUR SAFETY VALVE! FORGET WE EVER MENTIONED IT!

WODDA SCURVE!* WOMEN! PHOODEY!

WODDA SCURVE!* WOMEN! PHOODEY!

*HEEL



YA KNOW SOMETHIN', PORTIA? IN THIS DAY AN' AGE, WOMEN DON'T STAND A CHANCE! IT'S ALLUS THE MEN WHO GET THEIR WAY, NEVER US! WE TAKE WHAT'S LEFT!

THAT'S THE WAY THE BALL BOUNCES!



SURE! LOOKIT NATCH--A SQUIRREL WITH HIS OWN MILL!* BUT DO I HAVE ONE? NO!

YEAH! AN' WHO DECIDES WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO ON A DATE? THE JONAHS, THAT'S WHO! WE CHICKS HAVE NOTHIN' WE CAN CALL OUR OWN!

*CAR

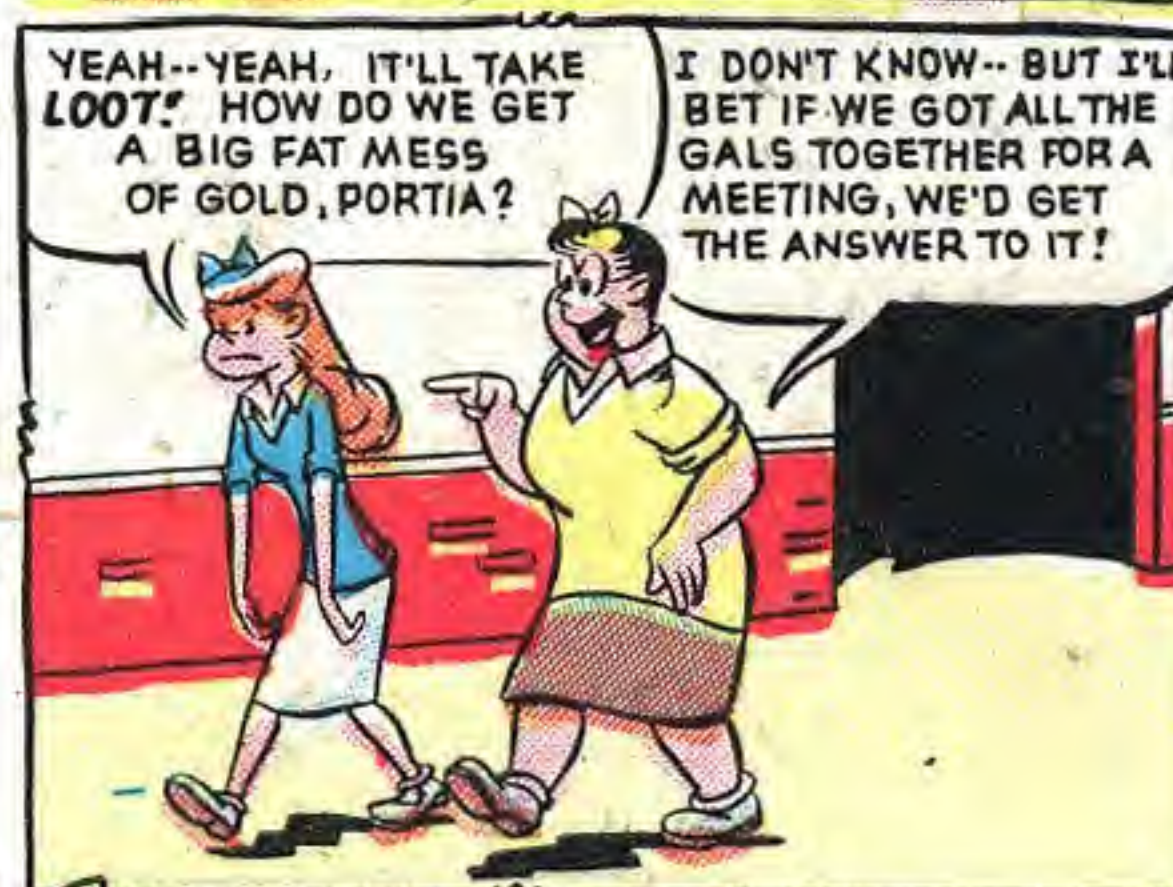


PORTIA! THAT'S IT! YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA! A REAL GONE CRAZY IDEA!



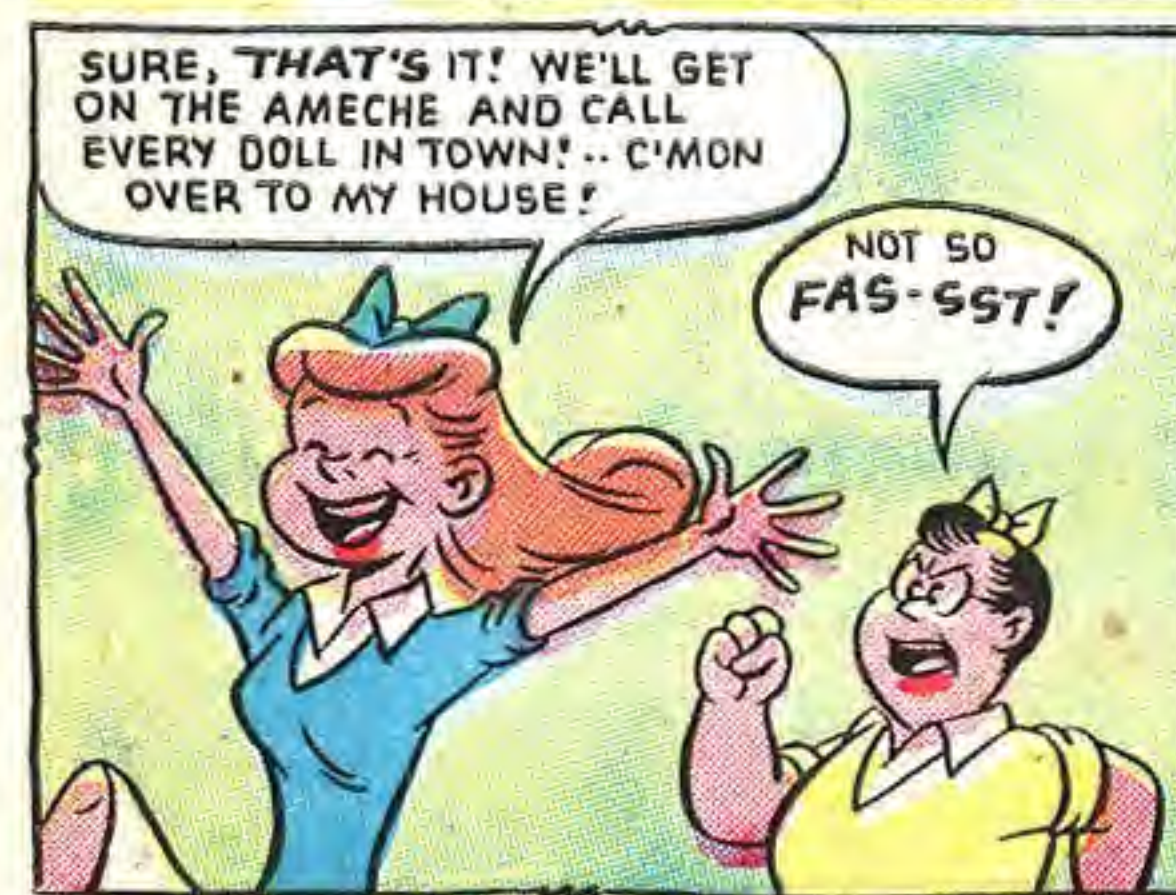
WHAT WE TEEN-AGE CHICKS NEED IS A CLUB ROOM! A PLACE WE CAN CALL OUR OWN, WITH ALL KINDA STUFF IN IT LIKE A RECORD-PLAYER, BOOKS, AND EVERYTHING WE'D LIKE-- AN' NO MEN ALLOWED!

THAT HAS IT! THAT'S A REAL COOL IDEA! BUT HOW DO WE GET IT?



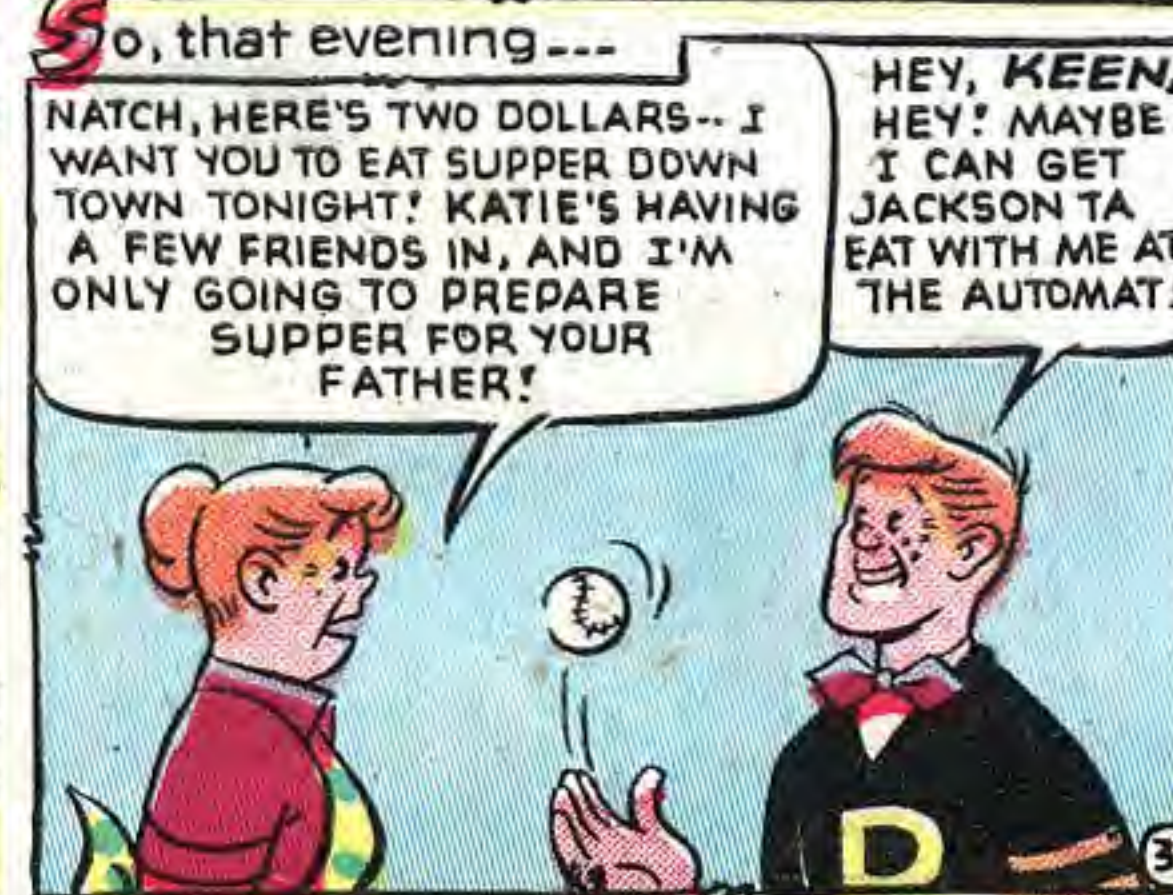
YEAH--YEAH, IT'LL TAKE LOOT! HOW DO WE GET A BIG FAT MESS OF GOLD, PORTIA?

I DON'T KNOW-- BUT I'LL BET IF WE GOT ALL THE GALS TOGETHER FOR A MEETING, WE'D GET THE ANSWER TO IT!



SURE, THAT'S IT! WE'LL GET ON THE AMECHE AND CALL EVERY DOLL IN TOWN!.. C'MON OVER TO MY HOUSE!

NOT SO FAS-SST!



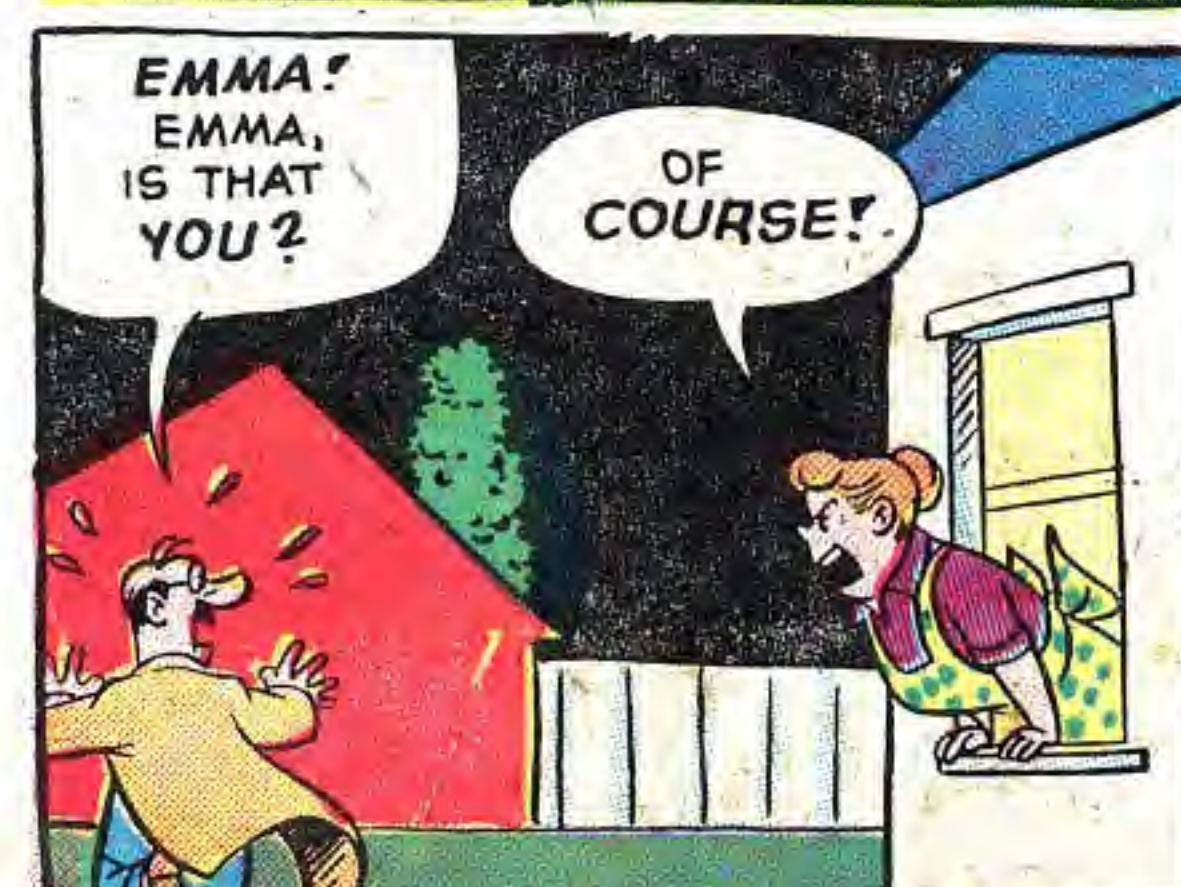
So, that evening... NATCH, HERE'S TWO DOLLARS-- I WANT YOU TO EAT SUPPER DOWN TOWN TONIGHT! KATIE'S HAVING A FEW FRIENDS IN, AND I'M ONLY GOING TO PREPARE SUPPER FOR YOUR FATHER!

HEY, KEEN, HEY! MAYBE I CAN GET JACKSON TA EAT WITH ME AT THE AUTOMAT!

D

3

And in the front room...



ED KILROY, THIS IS **NOT** THE Y.W.C.A.? YOUR DAUGHTER IS HAVING A FEW FRIENDS IN, AND YOUR SUPPER IS READY? NOW COME INSIDE AND QUIT ACTING LIKE YOU KNOW FROM NOTHING!

I DON'T KNOW FROM NOTHING!

WELL, THAT'S IT, GAL! WE CHICKS NEED A PLACE WHERE WE CAN SPIN PLATTERS AND ALL THAT KINDA JAZZ WITHOUT HAVIN' A BUNCH A MALE SCURVES AROUND TAKIN' OVER! SO HOW DO WE GET THE LOOT?

I'VE GOT IT!

I'VE GOT IT!

WHY NOT GET A BIG NAME BAND -- AND SELL TICKETS FOR A BIG DANCE? WE'D MAKE ENOUGH TO RENT A CLUB ROOM AND BUY A PLATTER SPINNER, TOO!

THAT'S IT, MARION!

WAIT A MINUTE! WHO'S GONNA **BUY** THE TICKETS? REMEMBER, THIS IS TO GET US GALS A PLACE THAT BOYS CAN'T COME TO! **THEY** WON'T BUY TICKETS TO HELP US!

OKAY, SO WE PUT ON A BIG BASH FOR THE OLDER FOLKS! -- OUR MOMS AN' POPS!

So, the next day...

HEY, HOW'S THE TICKET SALE GOIN', JANICE?

KEEN! THOSE SIGNS ARE HELPIN' PLENTY!

BIG BENEFIT FOR POINTFALLS GIRLS TEEN-AGE CLUBHOUSE
Lawrence Welk AND HIS BAND
FOR MOMS AND POPS ONLY!

HI, JUDY-PIE! LET'S BLAST DOWN AN' HAVE A MALT!

SORRY, NATCH! I'M BUSY SELLING TICKETS TO THE TEEN-AGE CHICKS' BENEFIT DANCE!

HOLY COW! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE INVOLVED IN THIS HALF-BAKED IDEA OF MY SISTER KATIE'S!

NATCH KILROY, IT IS NOT A HALF-BAKED IDEA!

AW, JUDY! YOU KNOW BETTER'N THAT! YOU'LL NEVER SELL ENOUGH TICKETS TO A BALL LIKE YOU'RE GIVIN'! NOBODY'LL BUY 'EM!

THAT'S RIGHT! THIS CAPER'LL NEVER GET OFF THE GROUND, JUDY!

NATCH, YOU'RE JEALOUS!
ALL YOU BOYS ARE, AND IT'S JUST
BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE
SOMETHING THAT YOU CAN'T
BOSS US ABOUT!

NOW,
GOODBYE!

OH, FINE! KATIE NOT ONLY STARTS THIS
JERKY BUSINESS, BUT NOW SHE'S GOT
MY EVER-LOVIN' MAD AT ME!

IT'S PORTIA KARLOFF'S
FAULT TOO, Y' KNOW!
-- THEY BOTH NEED 20
LASHES WITH A WET
NOODLE!

Two hours later...

KATIE, ALL MY
TICKETS ARE
SOLD!

SO ARE MINE, AND
ALL THE OTHER CATS
ARE GOING TO REPORT IN
AT THE SWEET TOOTH
IN AN HOUR, SO C'MON!

KATIE! THEY'RE
ALREADY
HERE!

SWEET
TOOTH

25--50--75--500 DOLLARS!
GALS! WE'VE DONE IT! WE'VE
GOT ENOUGH TO RENT A CLUB
ROOM AND BUY A PHONOGRAPH!

GET OUT
FROM
BEHIND THIS
COUNTER!

KIDS, KATIE WAS RESPONSIBLE
FOR ALL THIS, SO I THINK
SHE SHOULD BE
ALLOWED TO BUY THE
PHONOGRAPH! REET?

SURE!

GO
GET
IT!

WOW!

FIRST, WE GOTTA PAY THE
RENT FOR THE CLUB ROOM!
-- IT'S THAT EMPTY BUTCHER
SHOP ON ELM STREET, SO
COME ON, GANG!

NAW!
YOU
DO IT,
KATIE!

HERE'S THE RENT, MR.
MARTIN, AN'-- GOLLY!--
COULDN'T YOU TAKE
THAT SIGN DOWN?

SURE!
GEE WHIZ,
SURE!

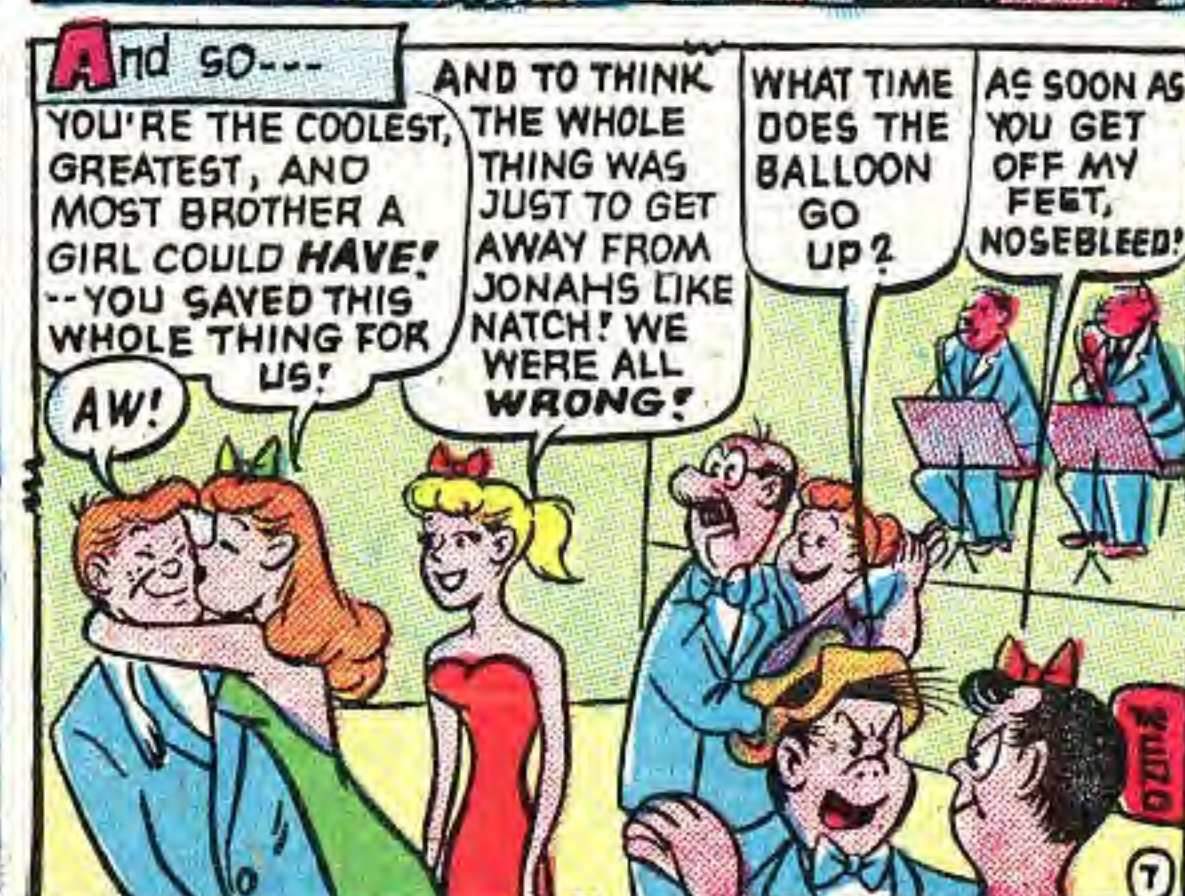
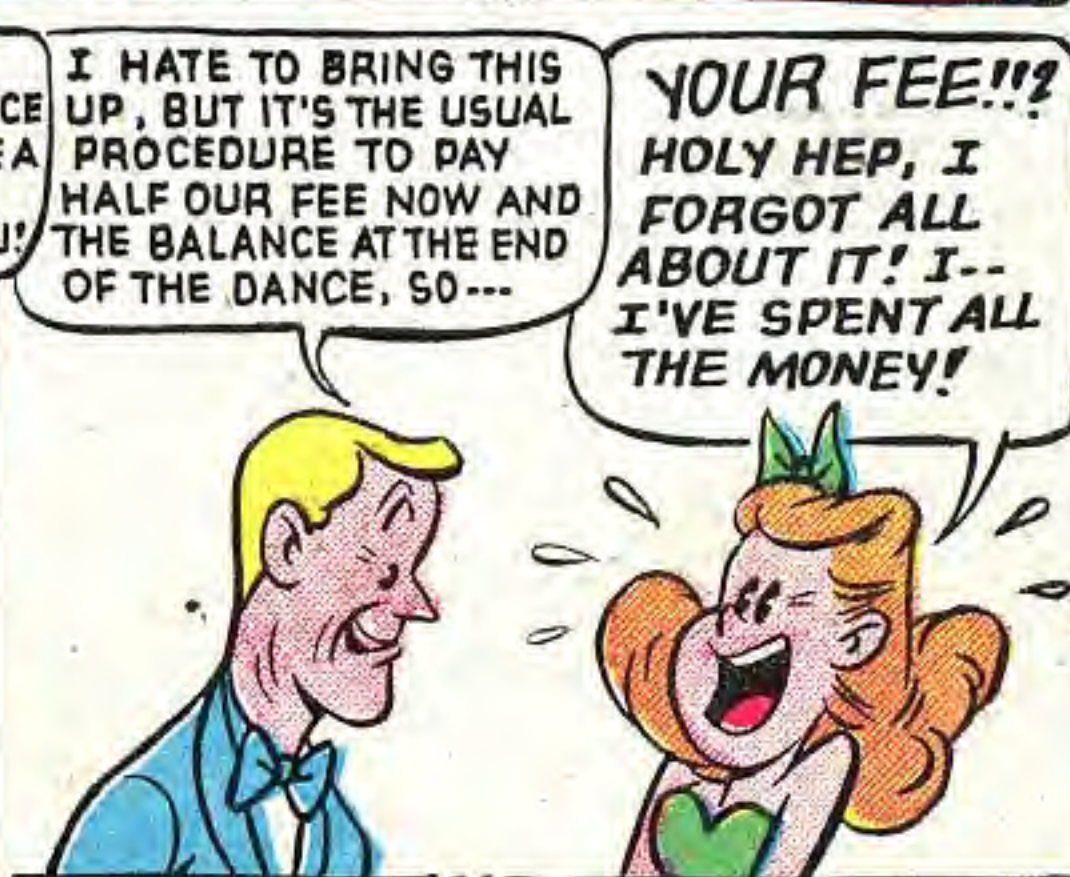
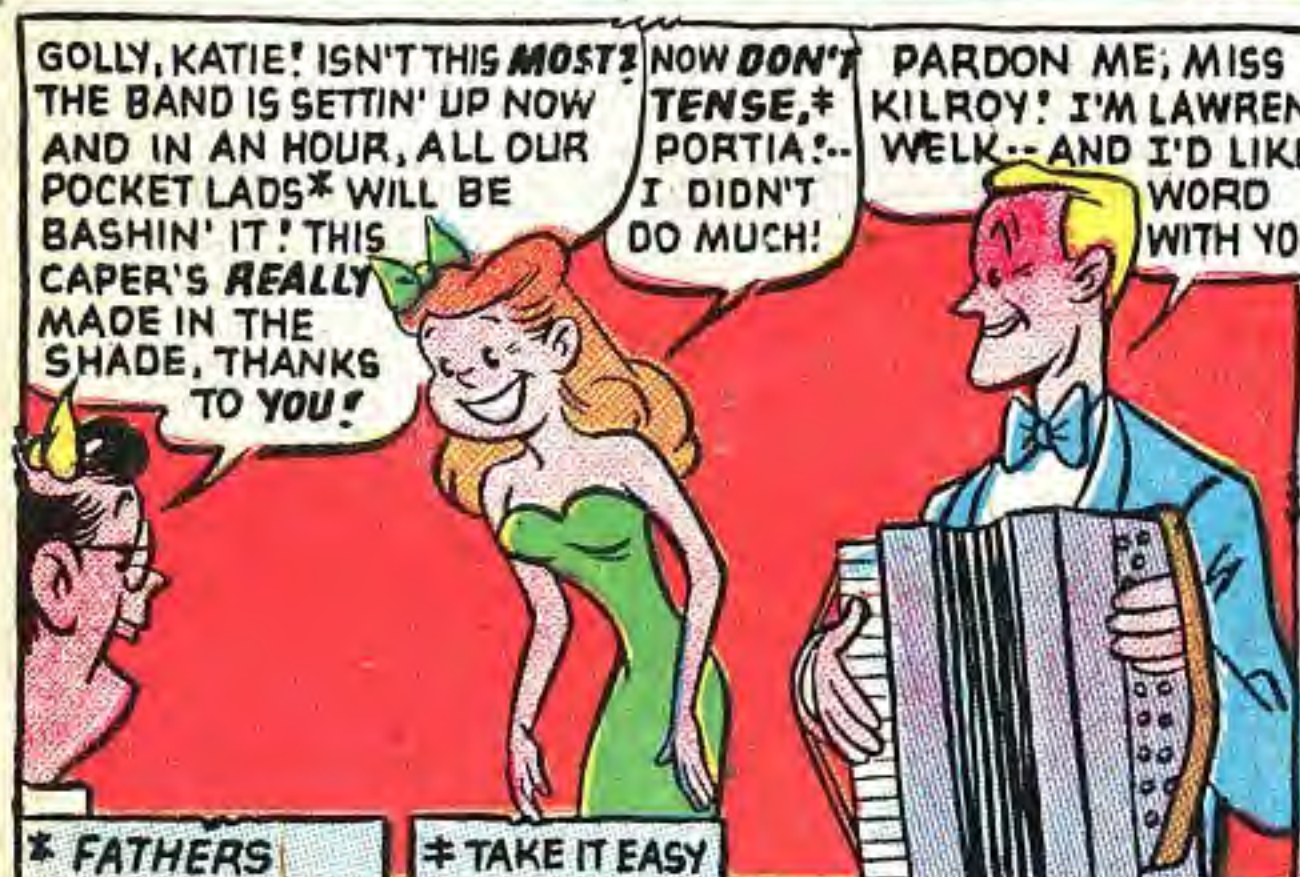
SURE, KATIE!
IT'LL COST YOU AN
EXTRA 20 DOLLARS --
IS THAT
OKAY?

BUTCHER

Minutes later---



So, comes the night of the dance---



FREE.. 10 HITLER STAMPS



10 Scarce Stamps—All Different—Sent Free

TO SECURE NAMES FOR OUR MAILING LIST

MAIL coupon at once. We'll send you this fascinating set of 10 Hitler stamps. Different sizes, colors, values. **NO COST TO YOU.**

These valuable stamps were issued by the short-lived nation of Bohemia-Moravia. They are much sought after. Now they are becoming **SCARCE**. And since the nation is no longer in existence—no new issues can be minted. Our supply is limited. So, don't ask for more than one set.

FREE 32-Page Book

In addition to the **FREE** Hitler Stamps, we'll also include other interesting offers for your inspection—**PLUS** a **FREE** copy of our helpful, informative book, "How To Collect Postage Stamps." It contains fascinating and true stories such as the one about the 1¢ stamp (which a schoolboy gladly sold for \$1.50) and which was later bought for **FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS**.

This Free Book also contains expert advice on collecting; shows how to get started; where and how to find rare stamps; how to tell their real value; how to mount them, trade them; how to start a stamp club; exciting stamp games, etc. It has pictures galore! Full pages of pictures showing odd stamps depicting native men and women from faraway lands; ferocious beasts, etc.

MAIL COUPON NOW

Be the first in your neighborhood to have this valuable set of Hitler Stamps. Your friends will envy you for it and want to buy the set from you. It will become one of the most prized sets of any stamp collection. But you must hurry if you want to get the 10 Hitler Stamps **FREE**. This special offer may have to be withdrawn soon. If coupon has already been used, write direct to: **Littleton Stamp Co., DEPT. 9-ACG, Littleton, New Hampshire.** (Enclose 10¢ to help cover postage and handling).



**Supply Limited
Mail Coupon At Once!**



**LITTLETON STAMP CO.,
DEPT. 9-ACG, LITTLETON, N. H.**

Send—**AT NO COST TO ME**—the valuable set of 10 Hitler stamps and the informative booklet, "How To Collect Postage Stamps." I enclose 10¢ to help cover postage and handling.

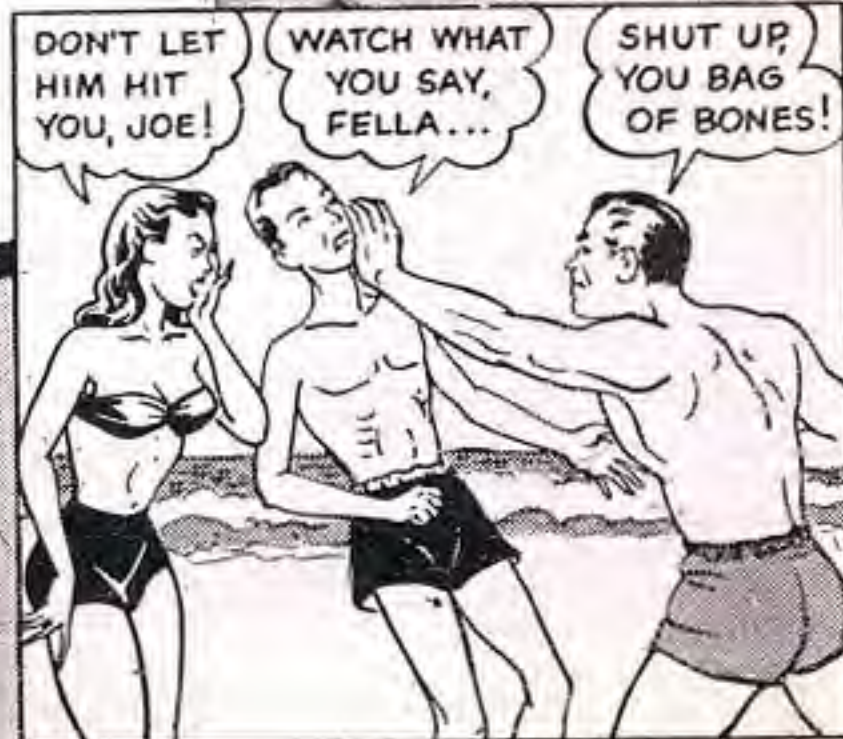
Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Hey SKINNY!

...YER RIBS ARE SHOWING!



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!

CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my body-building system, "Dynamic Tension." It made me such a complete specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

What's My Secret?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, fellow smiling back at you — then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY. Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

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Send me — absolutely FREE — a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* — 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. This book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City..... State.....

☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.

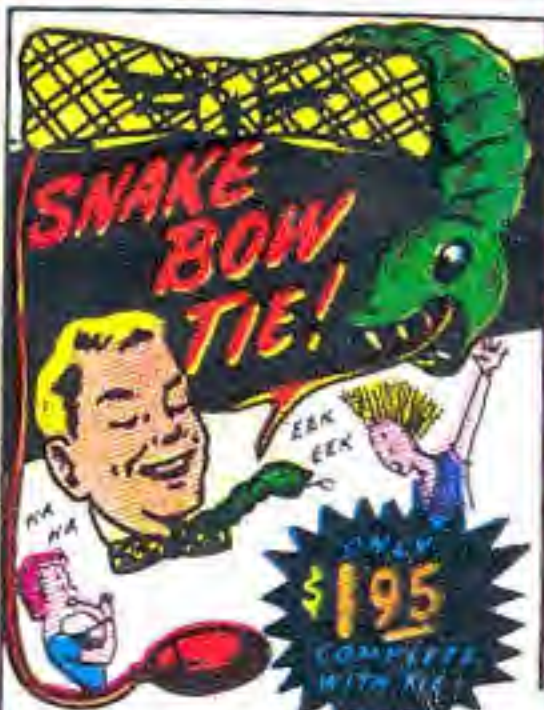


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BUY NOW
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Low Low
PRICES!

SEND NO MONEY

C.O.D. you pay postage
and handling charges. Remit
with order we pay postage.



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